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O'DONNELL,
A NATIONAL TALE.
VOL. III.

O'DONNEL.

A NATIONAL TALE.

BY

LADY MORGAN,

(LATE MISS OWENSON)

AUTHOR OF THE WILD IRISH GIRL;

NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK, &c.

**Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name?
Discuss!.....**

SHAKESPEARE.

New Edition.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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O'DONNELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE next morning O'Donnell took the opportunity of finding Lady Llanberis at a window in the breakfast room, where all the party were assembled, to remind her of the appointment, which had been broken, or to induce her to renew a promise she seemed to have forgotten. She received his address with coldness, and made some evasive reply. O'Donnell was for a moment thrown back. He feared he had offended, and yet was unconscious of his fault; he ventured, however, to

express a hope that the honour, she had proposed conferring upon him, was not withdrawn, but delayed. Lady Llanberis replied, with an air of humour, that “ nothing under a *Laplander* would walk to-day; the ground is frozen over, and you cannot expect me to *skait a walk*, Colonel, I suppose.”

“ I expect nothing,” returned O'Donnell, a little surprized; yet endeavouring to avoid the appearance of chagrin, he gaily added: “ but *skaiting a walk* is neither so impracticable nor so disagreeable a thing, as your Ladyship may suppose; at least, I once *skaited* a journey in Holland, and found it a pleasant and expeditious mode of travelling.”

“ Skaited a journey!” echoed her Ladyship, her face brightening into smiles of pleasurable amazement; “ how very odd! how very delightful! you must tell me all about it, Colonel O'Donnell.—General, pray come here.

Only think! Colonel O'Donnel has *skaited* a journey!"

"I have skaited some leagues myself in Holland," said the General. "I was once famous at that work, and belonged for some years to the skaiting club of Edinburgh. But I don't think we English make good skaiters, Colonel."

"We used to think abroad," said O'Donnel, "that you performed feats of great agility on the ice, but that your skaits were not well constructed."

"Colonel O'Donnel," said Lady Llanberis, with great eagerness, "will you do me the favour of giving a plan for skaits to my smith: we'll have a number of them made directly. There will be no end to this frost, you may depend upon *that*. I dare say the Duchess skaits like an angel, and I know you might light fires upon the great pond in front of the house. General, pray ring the bell: stay, Colo-

nel, will you walk with me to my smith's forge? We will go this moment: there is nothing on earth like a skating party. What attitudes Mr. Carlisle will make! I'll just get on my pelisse and snow shoes, and you shall meet me in the hall."

O'Donnell, laughing to himself, yet glad to have the opportunity of the walk, followed her out of the room. As he passed the Duchess, who was in conversation with the Duke, he perceived her eyes fixed on Lady Llanberis and himself; and when he stopped to make the salutations of the morning, (for she had recently entered the room) she said significantly: "You had better proceed."

While he waited for her Ladyship in the hall, her page brought him a message that she begged he would go to the forge by himself, and bespeak the skaits, for she found it too cold to go out. O'Donnell, again disappoint-

ed, prepared to obey the request, when throwing up his eyes to the gallery, which ran round the hall, he perceived Lady Llanberis and Lord Charles passing along it together. The sudden change in her intention was now accounted for. He had, from various circumstances, not to be mistaken, concluded that Lord Charles was the acknowledged lover of Lady Llanberis; and Miss Carlisle, who was as liberal of her communications as of her attentions, had, indeed, hinted to him, that as soon as the widower's mourning was laid aside, he was to become the husband of his late wife's dearest friend. Yet nothing could be more coldly indifferent than the manner of the lover; nothing more careless and general than the conduct of the mistress. Lord Charles, to all outward seeming, was a *phlegmatist* by constitution, and an *egotist* by system. The exclusive selfishness, which stood in the place of

every better feeling, and betrayed its influence through all the openings of his unamiable character, evidently lent its frigid colouring, even to his preference for a woman to whom he had long given the éclat of his attentions.

He stood, indeed, at the head of that class of apathetic men of gallantry, *qui se laissent aimer*; and who are, perhaps, peculiar to the age and circle in which he lived; who, if they sometimes commit the feelings of the objects they select, never risk their own; who lounge away their mornings in boudoirs, their evenings in assembly rooms; correspond voluminously on note-paper, enter into all the little gossip and frivolous anecdote of the day; and plot, manoeuvre, and intrigue, according to the interests and the views of that heartless vanity, in which

“ They live, and breathe, and have their being.”

Less anxious to be loved than to be

adulated—to awaken a sentiment than to expose a triumph, they demand *obvious* attentions, rather than *hidden devotion*; nor seek in the equivocal tie, which springs so much oftener from general *suitableness* than *particular sympathy*, the exclusiveness of friendship, nor the tenderness of passion.

This heartless connection (the lady's fair character alone excepted) frequently recalled to O'Dónnel's mind those no less cold, but more profligate, *liaisons* which marked the exhausted gallantry of French society, in its last stage of moral degradation; where virtue was violated from no stronger motive than the gratification of vanity, or the removal of ennui; and vice sought neither its charm nor its excuse, in the tyranny of the senses, or the illusions of love.

The day passed over O'Donnel's head unoccupied and unenjoyed. He had rambled abroad without interest,

and had returned without object. The comfortless grandeur of a great house struck him in all its coldness ; where the fire-side nitch, the central point of domestic sociality, is always wanting ; where there is so frequently solitude without privacy, and loneliness without retirement ; and where the feelings, like the guests, are dissipated and abroad, for want of some attractive influence to fix and concentrate them at home. The large, empty, and splendid rooms looked gloomy and comfortless, unoccupied by the gay groups of the evening, which were now all dispersed. O'Donnel, a stranger to all, and assimilated to none, had not been invited to join in any pursuit, or to attach himself to any party. Cheerless and low-spirited, he involuntarily looked forward towards the evening, when lights and noise would reflect upon his imagination, and when perhaps the brilliant pleasantry and gay acuteness of the Duchess might chase

the demon of spleen; and if they awakened not interest, at least bring distraction.

In this hope he was deceived. The Duchess played all night at piquet with the General. Mr. Frederick Carlisle, who wished to advertise himself as her lover in the most extravagant sense of the word, with no other view than the hope of participating in her notoriety, hung over the back of her chair, murmuring his homage in such scraps of Italian verses, as memory supplied him with from his sister's music-books. Meantime, Lady Mary sat near the table, dispensing criticism and sentiment to Mr. Mussen, for ready approbation; and looks of keen reproach at the General, for his equal want of dignity and of taste. Mr. Wharton dozed on *one* Ottoman, because Lord Charles dozed on *another*. And Lady Llanberis played *vingt-une* with the

Duke. The rest of the party were divided between a round game, and the billiard-room, with the exception of Miss Carlisle, who had singled out O'Donnell, and with an earnestness quite irresistible, had insisted on his becoming her pupil at a *Trou-Madame* board, a game of which he had unluckily declared his ignorance, in order to avoid playing. Miss Carlisle's eyes had already told him, among other "fair speechless messages," that he was the handsomest man in the world; and that the opinion might not be "wholly drawn in the flattering table of an eye," she confessed that she had modelled his head in wax, and that it precisely resembled an *Antinous*, she had done some time before, from the bust in D—— House. *Naïveté* was Miss Carlisle's profession; and she *was* as naïve as young ladies generally are, who have passed the last fifteen years

of their lives in the bustle and intrigue of what is termed *the world*.

The Duchess retired early, before Miss Carlisle and O'Donnel had finished their game; and though she paused for a moment near the table, to speak to Mr. Frederick Carlisle (who had followed her with the *good-night* speech from Romeo and Juliet) and returned Miss Carlisle's bon-soir, yet she passed on without noticing her opponent. It did not escape O'Donnel that he was not included in her salutations, and he was yet more struck with the consciousness that *he had observed it*. He began to think she was inclined to play the fine lady to its utmost extravagance, and that she had even taken the April-day conduct of the constitutionally capricious Countess for her model.

“So much the worse for her,” he mentally observed. “Her *original* sins are delightful, if they are not respect-

able: but when she becomes the copyist of another's follies, she ceases either to pique or interest." He was surprized to find that, with respect to himself, she had already done both.

O'Donnel had but just finished his game, when Lady Llanberis sent for him to join her supper-table. He entered more than usual into general conversation, from the circumstance of her having introduced Ireland as a topic; and she had led him so deeply into its antiquities, that, enamoured with the subject, she begged for memoranda of Grose and Vallancey's treatises, that she might consult them at her leisure.

Although he had been much animated by the discussion, yet, when at a late hour he rose from table, he felt piqued, he knew not with whom; disappointed, he knew not by what; and he retired to his room discontented

with himself, and with every one about him. His former fastidiousness respecting society returned upon him; and wearied by the folly and emptiness, which on the preceding night had amused, if it had not interested, he blamed others for that, which was only, perhaps, pitiable in himself.

Languid and frivolous, as O'Donnell still found the circle in which he was so strangely included, without giving it more of his approbation, he had yet insensibly granted it more of his indulgence. Although he knew not where his repugnance ceased, or his toleration began, he was still aware that his impatience for an eclaircissement with Lady Llanberis, which would probably terminate his visit, did not increase with the delays it had experienced; and he felt that he became every day less uneasy under the difficulties which impeded his return.

Another and another day elapsed.

New visitors brought new engagements. Lady Llanberis was wholly engrossed with the strangers, as long as they *were* strangers, and O'Donnell found no opportunity of addressing even a word to her. The *parvenue peeress* seemed an object of great curiosity to the new arrivals, who were persons of high rank and fashion. She was continually *drawn out* by her fair hostess, herself "nothing loth;" and remained the leading feature of attraction and interest, during the short stay of the noble guests. Lady Llanberis was delighted with her own character of *cicerone* to her *favourite of the hour*; called on her for the droll story she had told on *such* a day; the pretty song she sung on *such* a night; insisted on her remembering *such* an impromptu, or repeating *such* a bon-mot; would fain have made her dance a *buffa pass de deux* by *herself*; and maintain over again her Johnsonian dialogue with Lady Mary, without the

aid of an interlocutor. The Duchess exhibited freely, and only stopped short of the ridiculous; but when Lady Llanberis happened to go too deep *within* the lines of *bad taste*, her *lion* always turned restive; and upon one occasion she said to O'Donnell, almost loud enough to be heard by all:—

“*Allons, Mademoiselle, parlez philosophie, pour Monsieur, et puis nous aurons la Theologie.*” thus drawing a parity between herself with Lady Llanberis, and the Duchess de Fertè with the *first* celebrated Madame de Staal; and convincing O'Donnell that governed, though not deceived by her own vanity, she secretly ridiculed the folly, of which she was at once both the agent and the object.

Her character, indeed, as he endeavoured to catch its features through the inequalities of her manner and conduct, gave endless play to conjecture, and room for observation: there was some-

thing so pleasantly incongruous in her mingled cynicism and gaiety, her knowledge of human weakness, and liberal contribution to its absurdities, that he was amused even where he was not particularly interested ; and fascinated even when he did not quite approve. But, either by system or inadvertency, she had latterly found her way to his consideration, through the medium of his self-love, and excited interest, where, perhaps, she only sought to win applause. For the appeals which her *better* sense made, at times, to his *good* opinion, betrayed an anxiety to obtain it, through the real or feigned indifference of her general manner. The energy of mind she evinced in some of their particular conversations, when he was “ sole auditor,” contrasted with her general frivolity to others, rendered her more attractive, in proportion as this distinction was more flattering; while by increasing the originality of

her character, and adding to the inconsistencies of her conduct, it gave, perhaps, to both a *charm*, which more uniform excellence could not have possessed.

But the credit she thus far obtained had its balance on the contra page of his opinion. The disguise in which she had wrapt her character, while in the family of Lady Singleton, betrayed a command of feeling little consonant to the prompt sensibility of her age and sex, and excited wonder that

“One so young could give out such
A seeming——”

And her marriage with the Duke of Belmont led him to suspect that she was deficient in that feminine delicacy, without which woman was to him a thing unsexed. Like all men, whose strong passions and peculiar modes of life have led them to seek the rounds of pleasure in their least excusable

form, O'Donnell had raised a rigid standard on the ground of his ill-bought experience; and was severe and fastidious on the subject of female conduct, in proportion to the opportunities afforded him of viewing it in its coarsest aspect.

The want of delicacy in woman was always, in his estimation, proportioned to her want of sensibility—the quality most necessary to the self-love of man, and therefore the most reluctantly dispensed with. But of the Duchess of Belmont's natural coldness, he had the most thorough conviction; and he believed that her spirit, like *Beatrice's*, was *invulnerable against all assaults of affection*: her careless gaiety, her general indifference, her vanity, and even her idle encouragement of the vain and frivolous Frederick Carlisle, were all proofs to him of her inherent heartlessness; for though it was evident that the ambition to which she had

imolated, taste, feeling, and natural antipathy, would never permit her to "abase her eyes" on one, who would render the sacrifices she had already made to it abortive; yet she evidently encouraged his attentions, merely that he might serve as a mark for her pleasantries, and contribute to the gratification of her vanity.

On the same day on which the flying visitors took their leave, O'Donnell received a message from Lady Llanberis to attend her in her dressing-room. His hour he believed was at length arrived. Whatever were the views which had induced this whimsical but generous woman to invite him from Ireland, they would now be revealed, even if they were not accomplished; and the opportunity would be of course afforded him of returning her money. He was, however, disappointed to find her Ladyship not as he expected, alone, but looking over some books at a table,

at which also stood the Duchess and the two elder Miss Carlises.

“Come in, Colonel,” she cried, as soon as he appeared: “we want you here most amazingly, to explain all these engravings, and some Irish poems: for here are the books you mentioned; and my bookseller has sent me besides every thing he could collect on the subject of your interesting country.”

O'Donnell took his place at the table; the ladies drew round him; and in this enviable and distinguished situation he was discovered by Lord Charles Savill, who had advanced some steps into the room before he perceived O'Donnell on the other side of the table.

“You are just come in time, Lord Charles, to be amazingly amused,” said Lady Llanberis: but before she finished what she meant to add, Lord Charles had left the room. Lady Llanberis, too much engrossed with *Faugh-guards, tumuli, and round towers,*

scarcely perceived his exit, and made no comment on its abruptness. Before, however, she had got quite through Grose's plates, she began to yawn, and had more than once gone as far as—"Come, this is very good," when the dressing-bell released her; and the little society of the dressing-room broke up. As they passed along the gallery leading to their several apartments, the Duchess observed in a low voice to O'Donnel:

"If Lord Charles Savill is ever elected President of the Antiquarian Society, I do not think he will readily consent to your admission into it; for it strikes me he was not particularly pleased at our learned little body resolving itself into a committee, in the Countess's dressing-room, and making you its chairman."

"What reason has your Grace to suppose so?" asked O'Donnel. But she only smiled, and entered her dressing-room, without making any reply. O'Donnel had asked this question of

the Duchess idly ; for he too had been struck by the sudden retreat of Lord Charles Savill, and still more by the expression of his countenance ; for when he had raised his head at his entrance, their eyes had met full, and O'Donnel had read there more than he would be justified in noticing ; yet something, which he longed Lord Charles would transfer from his eyes to his lips, and by thus (giving it a less questionable form) enable him to meet it as it merited.

From O'Donnel's first arrival at Longlands, Lord Charles had treated him with a marked coldness, which at least indicated repugnance ; and whether he conversed with Lady Llanberis or the Duchess, or received the civilities of the Miss Carlisles, or of the passing female visitants, to whom Lady Llanberis presented him, the supercilious looks of Lord Charles still pursued him ; hastily withdrawn, indeed, when the eyes of O'Donnel met

his, but always accompanied by a smile that indicated irony, if not absolute derision. It was, however, a delicate point to call a man to an account for looks and smiles; O'Donnel therefore waited with more patience and temper than naturally belonged to his impetuous character, for some less equivocal proof of his Lordship's tendency to insult.

In the evening, as the gentlemen stood round the fire, taking liqueur after coffee, Lady Llanberis resumed the subject of the Irish antiquities, and again assured Lord Charles that he had had a great loss in not remaining in her dressing-room.

“Credat judaeus!” replied Lord Charles, smiling sarcastically.

“What do you mean by that, Lord Charles?” asked Lady Llanberis, eagerly.

“Nothing,” said Lord Charles, dryly, “but that *I* am not OVER *credulous* with respect to *any thing* that is Irish.”

“Has your Lordship any *definite* meaning attached to your words?” asked O'Donnel, in a tone equally significant.

“I believe, Sir,” said Lord Charles, haughtily, “I am not *bound* particularly to account to *you* for the meaning of *any* words I may utter.”

“No further,” answered O'Donnel, “than as one gentleman is bound to another, to do away any unpleasant impression, which words, casually spoken, may, from a wrong inference, have made on his mind.”

What Lord Charles meant to have replied, if he meant to have replied at all, was lost by the sudden diversion of his attention from O'Donnel to his own personal safety, and the injury sustained by one of his very handsome legs; for the Duchess, with a startling scream, let fall a cup of hot tea, and, not only spoiled for ever her own spotless white satin dress, but scalded Lord Charles's instep sufficiently to oblige him instantly to leave the room,

and get his stocking drawn off, before the skin adhered to it. He retired to the door, followed by the Duchess and Lady Llanberis; the latter lamenting that he could not *skate* for a week; the former deploring and apologizing for the accident, holding out her own dripping gown, and exclaiming against Mr. Frederick Carlisle as the real author of the accident, whose elbow, she said, had come in contact with her's, because he *would stand in an attitude—so*. Here her *close* imitation; not only of Mr. Carlisle's attitude, but even of his canvassing look for admiration, glanced furtively from under the eyes, threw Lady Llanberis into a violent fit of laughter, and had the effect of restoring the merriment of the whole party, which Lady Llanberis's observation to Lord Charles had for a moment interrupted. Her Grace and her nephew returned almost at the same mo-

ment to the room ; Lord Charles limping with his leg tied up ; while the Duchess, with her spoiled satin exchanged for a plain white muslin dress, and a veil thrown round her, entered with a wild and frantic look, and sung the mad song in " Nina pazza " with great effect, to the surprize and amusement of the whole company : then suddenly changing her countenance and air, she succeeded still better in a *buffa*, in the style and jargon of a Sicilian peasant. Lady Llanberis was in raptures ; and so often assured Lord Charles that all this was done to *conciliate him*, and make amends for the accident, that he at last seemed not only to credit the fact, but to be gratified by the intention. This was indeed the first symptom of conciliation which his plebeian, but unbending aunt, had ever paid him ; and as inordinate vanity is as easily soothed as it is readily wounded, he was not incre-

delious to the assertions, which fed and flattered the dominant passion of his nature.

Mr. Frederick Carlisle was then called for *his amende honorable*; and though mortified and piqued, even into low spirits, by the Duchess's accurate imitation of his affected peculiarities, yet he could not resist the opportunity of exhibiting. With very little pressing, therefore, he suffered himself to be prevailed on, and performed a number of harlequinade tricks and attitudes, which he concluded by vaulting over a sofa table, coming down on the other side in the position of a cobbler at his work, and singing Jobson's ballad, "*He that has the best wife, &c.*" The room rang with applauses, and the evening concluded with the greatest good-humour and gaiety. Lady Llanthorn, from the variety of the exhibitions, had not one pause allowed her for a yawn, and in the fervour of her de-

light, she could not refrain from saying, "Well, Duchess, if you had not scalded poor Lord Charles's leg, I ~~must~~ say that your spilling the tea was a most lucky accident. You have broken my Dresden cup all to pieces, but I would give twenty Dresden cups for one such evening as this."

O'Donnell alone had felt neither pleasure nor gratification from this eventful evening; and before the Duchess had begun her *buffa* song, he had left the drawing-room, and retired to his own apartment, with feelings of the most unqualified discomfort. He almost regretted his hastiness to Lord Charles, and his having given way to the powerful feeling of the moment. Yet to go on longer under the same roof with a man, who evidently considered him with suspicion, if not with a more invidious sentiment; to feel the influence of looks and eyes, and yet to be scarcely justified in noticing

their unequivocal expressions; was a state scarcely endurable to one, whose pride was but too prompt to take offence, and whose spirit was not always regulated by prudence, or tempered by reflection. He therefore resolved on taking an early opportunity of leaving Longlands, and (waving any further ceremony with respect to Lady Llanberis's *secret*,) he determined on mentioning his suspicion of her liberality on the following day, and, if possible, on bringing her to the point so long desired by him, and so long protracted by her.

In these resolutions Lord Charles was not alone the person who took a part. The Duchess of Belmont's conduct had thoroughly (it was a strong term, but he repeated it to himself) *disgusted* him. Her evident attempts to adulate Lord Charles, the moment after she had witnessed what had passed between them, and had heard his pointed expression of contempt for her country, of

which some portion must necessarily fall upon herself; the extravagance of her exhibitions, far beyond what he had before seen her attempt; and even her ridiculous mimicry of Mr. Carliste, the last person on whom she ought to have exerted her dangerous talent, overthrew every sentiment of prepossession which he had conceived in her favour. He felt that he never could again seek her society, nor be seduced by her pleasantries and conversational powers. Yet that enjoyment lost, what was there to detain him longer at this splendid villa, or to render it preferable to his own solitary and obscure lodging in London? *There*, at least, his time was his own; and there he was neither constrained to be amused, expected to be gay, nor condemned to be happy, in spite of every reason to be otherwise. It was also self-evident that he was not in any respect calculated for the meridian of

the society to which he was attached. With modes of thinking as strong, as his feelings were acute, and his spirits susceptible, he was continually risking beyond some landmark of prevailing opinion; startling a cherished prejudice, or treading upon a darling prepossession. Neither did he possess exhibiting talents of any description, so necessary in contributing to the levy, which the indolent and the rich are perpetually raising upon the spirits and exertions of all who are admitted to their community. Prompt, as qualified, to bear his part in an enlightened and liberal conversation, upon whatever point it turned, he shrunk from being at all times *en spectacle*, either as actor or auditor. He could not feign a leap nor force an attitude; he could neither grind knives with his teeth, nor play the short-armed orator; and, added to all these deficiencies, he hated "hot cockles;" disliked "blind man's

buff;" and played with so little success at "four corners," that he was sure to be left *fool* in the middle whenever he attempted it.

On the following morning, as O'Donnel was crossing through the hall from the breakfast-room to the saloon, in search of Lady Llanberis, to execute the resolves of the preceding night, he perceived her Ladyship and the Duchess leaning over the balustrade of the gallery above, in earnest conversation.

"Stay, stay, Colonel O'Donnel," cried the Countess; "you are the person in the world I want to speak to;" and she hurried down with her hands full of letters. "Come into the saloon," she said; "I have something particular to say to you."

O'Donnel followed her.

"Now, Colonel O'Donnel," she said laughingly, "will you answer me a simple question?"

“Certainly, Madam,” he replied in some emotion; “if I can.”

“Has Lady Singleton, or has she not, turned traitress?”

“What does your Ladyship mean?”

“Has she, or *has she not*, betrayed to you a little secret, I entrusted to her keeping, and in which you are involved?”

“Never, Madam, never, at least directly or *intentionally*, upon *my honour*; but I *have*, partly by accident, partly by inference, been led to suspect that there *was* a secret, that—”

He paused for a moment, felt for the two thousand pound bills, and hesitated whether he would not at once cut the matter short, and without further observation, return the money into her hands.

“Come,” said the Countess, “I see you know all; and, indeed, I meant long since to have talked to you about it, but I have been so hurried

and engaged, by all the tiresome people that have been here, that it quite went out of my head, till a letter from your friend, Lady Singleton, this morning, has rendered me more anxious than ever to complete the business, for many reasons which I will mention to you: but first tell me, are you satisfied with—”

“Satisfied!” interrupted O’Donnel in some agitation, and drawing the letter, and its enclosures, from his pocket. “*Satisfied*, is a cold word: but while I offer your Ladyship my sincere, my grateful acknowledgments, I trust you will suffer me to deline, not your good-will, but the medium through which it flows—in a word, Madam——”

“Nay,” interrupted Lady Llanberis, eagerly, “I did not mean to *dictate*: I acted only in conformity to the character given of you by Lady Singleton: her description of you altogether—in a

word, it struck me that nature herself had intended you for 'un role distingué;' and I thought it was but just that our hero should—"

"Nay, indeed, Lady Llanberis," said O'Donnell, confused, yet smiling at her new enthusiasm in his favour: "I cannot hear you further; your Ladyship and Lady Singleton have both been most kind, most flattering, and—"

"Not the least of it," said Lady Llanberis; "and the fact is, I shall consider your refusal as mere false modesty, false delicacy; you can start no reasonable objection. In short," she added, with some symptoms of humour, "I am not much in the habit of being *refused* when I stoop to *solicit*, and before you decide, I think you had better consider a little, for your rejection will do me a very serious injury, and render abortive all that I have been working at for these two months."

O'Donnell, equally distressed and astonished, exclaimed:—

“ Good God ! how can my refusal or acceptance be of any moment to your Ladyship, further than as your generous feelings in my favour . . . ”

“ Why,” interrupted Lady Llanberis, “ it breaks up all my scheme, and disappoints all my triumphs, over a person who is most justly and deservedly odious to me.”

“ You amaze me,” said O'Donnell.

“ It is nevertheless true,” added Lady Llanberis; “ and therefore it was necessary the whole should be kept secret, till all was ready beyond the chance of disappointment; nor had I any confidant in the whole plan but Lady Singleton and Lord Charles. The person to whom I alluded,” she continued, “ is a *Lady Loton*, a creature of yesterday; whom, before she became a personage, I happened to treat a little *de haute en bas*, and since she

has become the wife of that *Croesus*, that old *nabob*, Sir Samuel Loton, who got his money in India, Heaven knows how—she has endeavoured to pay me back—not, however, in *kind*—there I defy her insignificance; but by ruining herself to annoy me. You know how people are led in London by dinners, and suppers, and *lions*, and champagne, and all that sort of thing; and this *Pagoda Lady* has so *timed* her good things to come in opposition to mine, that she actually, last season, emptied my rooms twice in one month, and carried off some of my best men from my opera suppers. Well, this is not all: last *autumn*, her foolish old husband, at her instigation, bought Lord S—'s beautiful villa when he went to Germany. Now this villa is only five miles distance from Longlands; and when the report got about that I meant to fill my house at Christmas, and ask some amusing people here,

she instantly gave out that she meant to have private theatricals, some of Molière's '*petits piéces*;' for she has an *amigré*, a kind of *ami de famille*, such as it is the fashion to have now, who is the first comic actor in the world, the Chevalier St. Ange; and they were to commence with an English tragedy and its *Precieuses Ridicules* for a farce. She had, however, a theatre to build, and I was determined to meet her in her own way. My theatre is nearly finished, and her's is not roofed; and before she can bring out her *Tamerlane* and French farce, I shall have represented my *Zaire* and my *English farce*; for I have cast all the parts myself, and have gotten them written out. We have now a fortnight before us: we may be all ready for the first rehearsal by this day se'night, and on that day week we may perform, to Lady Loton's surprize and confusion, and the astonishment of all the world, for

I shall ask all the world. Still, however, I was not certain of my *Zaire* till this post; though Lady Singleton has been *intriguing* the business for me this month back; for my *Zaire* is no other than the once famous *Comtesse de Pompeignan*, whose *Theatre de Societé* was the first thing of its kind in Paris, and who, though rather too old for *your tendre Zaire*, is still a delicious actress. Now the Chevalier St. Ange is the *cher ami* of Madame de Pompeignan, as well as the *ami de la maison* with Lady Loton; and though these ladies are the greatest friends in the world, yet there are constant little *fracas* between them, of which the poor dear Chevalier (himself no chicken) is the subject. Lady Singleton has been in the neighbourhood with them all, and has played her part so well, that, on a late quarrel between the two rival queens, she has actually carried off *Zaire* with her to town, engaged her in

O'DONNELL,

our schemes, and set her at eternal war with her Chevalier and her false friend, who is young and pretty enough to excuse the Chevalier's desertion, that is certain. We are to have both ladies here in a few days, and Madame de Pompeignan is already aware that she is to have the handsomest *Orosmane* in the world; for, in fact, as Lady Singleton said to me, when we first wrote to you, the part seemed written on purpose, as if Voltaire had you in his eye at the time.—Stay, here are all your parts, and here is my little bill of fare: you will perceive that I have enlisted some emigrés too, as well as Lady Loton. I am to send the carriage for them to Lady Singleton, who is to get me a whole batch. I have cast the play so:—

Orosmane	- - - -	Colonel O'Donnell.
Luisignan	- - - -	Chevalier de Tours.
Nerestan	- - - -	M. de Mercœur.
Chevaliers Francois	-	Messrs. Carlisles, &c.

Fatime Lady Singleton.
 Zaire Mad. de Pompeignan.

DEVIL TO PAY.

Sir John Loverule Sir Gilbert S.

for he has a sweet little voice, and you know it's a poor part.

Jobson Mr. F. Carlisle.

He will be delightful.

Butler Mr. Carlisle.

Footman The Duke of Belmont;

and so on.

“Well, here is your part, written out by Florio; and if you have nothing better to do, suppose you walk to the fir grove and look at my theatre, and try your voice. I have given a thousand orders about the *sounding* board. Do you remember—

“Je veux avec excès vous aimer et vous plaire?”

“You little thought then you were giving me a *specimen* of your *dramatic* powers; so you see your refusal of the *premier role* comes too late.”

Her Ladyship having now presented the written part to *her hero*, was gliding away; but O'Donnell, who, from the length of her speech, had time to recover gradually from his astonishment, followed her, and entreated another moment of her attention,

“Well,” she returned, “it must be *only* a moment, for I am now going to the Carlises, to set them to work at *the Devil to Pay.*”

“May I then,” said O'Donnell, “beg to know, if your Ladyship ever did me the honour to write to me upon any other subject to Ireland, than that of a mere invitation to your villa?”

“No,” said Lady Llanberis, “never. Why do you ask? I even cautioned Lady Singleton not to mention a word in her letter of the plays, but merely to request the pleasure of your company at Longlands, *for, independent of Orosmans*, I had an amazing curiosity to see you. I assure you, I consider you as

a genuine Irish Chief; and what Lady Singleton told me about your being kidnapped in your youth, and confined in the Castle of Dublin, rendered you most amazingly interesting."

O'Donnel, little as he was disposed to be amused, could not help smiling at this identifying of himself with "O'Donnel the Red;" but as the eager Lady was again hurrying away, he again followed her, and putting the letter, he had received, into her hand with the bills, begged to know if that was her seal.

"No," said Lady Llanberis, reading the motto: "but it is an amazing pretty device. I will have a seal cut after it directly: it is really extremely ingenious. Will you give me leave?" and tearing off the seal, she glided away, repeating the Italian motto to herself.

O'Donnel stood motionless where she had left him, holding his French

part in his hand, more bewildered, more to seek than ever. It was impossible to mistake Lady Llanberis's manner, and it was as impossible not to feel that he had hitherto wholly mistaken her character. It was evident that he was simply the object of a caprice, the instrument of a scheme; and that he had no further interested her feelings in his favour, than in so much as he had excited her curiosity, or amused her imagination; and it was clear, that, though pleased, as she was misled, by the account of the kidnaped chief, she had neither sympathy nor interest for the unfortunate gentleman.

The approach of some one towards the door, opposite to that near which he stood, hurried him away; and he had already reached his own room, before he discovered that he had not picked up his letter and bills, which Lady Llanberis had carelessly let fall, with

her wonted giddiness, when she tore off the seal; and that he now only held in his hand the written part of Orosmane.

In some trepidation, he hurried back to the saloon, and was equally mortified and surprized, to see the Duchess of Belmont standing, where he had stood a few minutes before, and holding the envelope of his letter in one hand, and one of the bills between the finger and thumb of the other.

"Oh! oh!" she said, "you are the careless person then, Colonel O'Donnell, who flings his *thousand* pound notes about, as if they were blank paper. There, take it—I read your claims in your countenance, and have read nothing else, I assure you." And she presented him the letter and the bill. "Don't be frightened," she added sportively; "I have only this moment picked it up; 'tis all safe. But pray be more cautious in future."

Cold, pausing caution, to be sure, is not the virtue of an *hero*, and least of all of such a hero as *le Grand Orosmane*."

O'Donnell started and coloured.— The Duchess was just where she had been in his estimation the night before; he was not, therefore, much disposed to be amused by her pleasantry, and still less was he disposed to become the *but* or object of her ridicule. He was about at once to deny all knowledge of the part assigned him by Lady Llanberis, till a few minutes back, when the Duchess interrupted him, saying:—

"The Countess has just told me *all*, Colonel, and I quite agree with her, that you are the very figure for the 'superbe Orosmane': yes, there is "*ce bras puissant,*" "*cet aimable front, que la gloire environne.*"

O'Donnell was turning away, but the Duchess detained him.

“ Nay, you must not go for a minute or two,” she said. “ I am so full of this French play, I can think and talk of nothing else. You have no idea how much I admire private theatricals; but your *Zaire*—what a *Zaire* they have given you! poor Madame de Pompeignan! Thirty years ago she was the heroine of her own theatre, and the worst of it is the play, you know, opens so—

“ *Je ne m'attendais pas, JEUNE et BELLE Zaire.*”

Now, vanity apart, I think I should have played it better. Stay, I'll just give you a specimen;” and placing herself opposite to him after a moment's pause, and with an instantaneous and extraordinary change of manner and countenance, she addressed herself to O'Donnell, in the tender expressions of the devoted *Zaire*.

“ *Helas j'aurais voulu qu'a vos vertus unie
Et meprisant pour vous, les trones de l'Asie,*

*Seule, et dans un desert avec mon Epoux.
J'eusse pu sous mes pieds les fouler avec vous.'*

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed O'Donnell, while his imagination was thrown into disorder by the exquisite, the almost passionate feeling of the Duchess's voice and manner: "Good Heavens! what an actress you are!"

"Well," she said, recovering her usual tone, "I told you so—but my merits are here wholly overlooked; and instead of the christian heroine of the French tragedy, I am destined to play the cobbler's wife in the English farce;" and she began to hum, with great taste and playfulness—

"Of late I was a cobbler's wife."

"Then your Grace," said O'Donnell, pleased and detained against his better reason—"your Grace really means to perform?"

"To be sure," she replied, "and don't you?"

“ Me !” said O’Donnell—“ You cannot seriously suppose it.”

“ Indeed I do suppose and believe it most seriously and truly,” said the Duchess. “ How can I doubt it, when you have come six hundred miles on Lady Singleton’s invitation, for the express purpose? for this, as I learnt from our noble hostess this morning, was the ‘wind, of which you were the sport,’ and which *blew* you into those ‘*Halcyon seas,*’ you talked of some days back.”

O’Donnell now, more to exculpate himself from so ludicrous an imputation, and to escape being the subject of one of her humourous Grace’s good stories, than from any desire to make a confidant, where he almost feared an enemy, candidly confessed the motive which led him to seek the Countess’s acquaintance, and to accept her invitation to Longlands, alleging the fact of his visit to England being merely the

result of his own situation and affairs; and his never having received the invitations she alluded to, which he had reason to believe did not reach Ireland till he had left it.

“ And this then,” said the Duchess, emphatically, “ is *your* knowledge of human nature. After having lived ‘ where bells have tolled to church,’ in great cities and in great courts, you have yet to learn, that those who go furthest for their own gratification, are those who move least to promote the good of others; that extravagance of conduct holds no inseparable connection with liberality of sentiment; and that, what is vulgarly called a *good heart*, is as inferior to a right mind, as *instinct* is to reason, and impulse to principle. But to quit this *ton d'ex-orde*.—Since Lady Llanberis is not the invisible deity, who showers her ill-bestowed benefits on you, have you no suspicion who is?”

“None in the world,” returned O’Donnel. “Why should any one suppose I wanted the money? or why should any one suspect that I would accept so large a sum, coming in so questionable a way!—a sum which might be reclaimed when I was least able to return it; and by one, perhaps, from whom I should shrink to be obliged.”

“Nay,” said the Duchess, “I dare say you suspect the whole transaction to be the act of some foolish, inconsiderate woman, who, without rhyme or reason, would do that and more, *pour l’amour de vos beaux yeux.*”

O’Donnel raised his eyes to the Duchess’s, and was hurt beyond the power of concealing his mortification at the look of irony which beamed in them.

“I am not,” he said in a quick tone, “quite the consummate coxcomb your Grace seems to suppose, and——”

“Ah! there he is,” interrupted

the Duchess, with a dramatic air. "*Ce superbe Orosmane !* Well, I beg pardon ; but the fact is, I *have* a sort of a feeling of old acquaintanceship with you, which leads me to take these little liberties. It is now I think more than two years since we first met ; and though your notice was neither very marked, nor very flattering ; yet while you were cultivating an intimacy with Lady Florence's eyes, *Goody-two-Shoes* was making an acquaintance *with you* ; for those who ran might read. The style, though high-flown, was clear enough."

"Lady Florence's eyes, and *Goody-two-Shoes* !" repeated O'Donnell, half pleased, half vexed, at Lady Llanberis's treachery, and at once amused ; softened, and flattered, in spite of himself.

"Aye, Lady Florence's eyes," returned the Duchess. "That woman knows you all. She piques your self-love at the first set out ; and she judges

by experience, that all the rest will follow of course. Now, that is the very *spirit of the laws* of coquetry, and all the rest is mere *verbiage*. But the truth is, Lady Florence's attentions did touch you, Colonel, and home too—you know they did. You were caught, not by *admiring*, but by being admired."

"The attentions of *any* woman would touch *me* home," replied O'Donnell, warmly; "and I will not answer for the extravagance to which the attentions of some women might drive me. But Lady Florence would be as little likely to produce that effect, as any other cold and self-possessed woman, who through all her fascination clearly shews that she lives only for the gratification of her own vanity."

"Indeed!" said the Duchess, drily. "You like then to find a woman, as the Parisian *gourmand* liked to find his goose, *aussi tendre que Zaire*."

O'Donnell could not help laughing at the ridicule of the image.

“ Well,” said the Duchess, rising from the chair, on which she had seated herself during the conversation, “ all I can say is, since you have honoured me with your confidence, that I think you had better advertise these troublesome notes, as things lost or mislaid, stolen or strayed; or lay them by for the present, till called for by the right owner. For since, as the French song says, ‘ *on ne donne rien pour rien,*’ when nothing comes of it, and it is seen that you have not had the tender intuition to discover who *really is the* benefactress, the money will perhaps be reclaimed, and given to some more grateful and quick-sighted object.— Meantime, however, observe, that Madam de Pompeignan will be here to meet her *Orosmane*, so you had better set about your part.”

“ So very little idea,” he replied,

" have I of playing any part *here*, that I mean to return to town to-morrow."

The Duchess turned back, with some surprise marked in her countenance.

" Indeed!" she said with earnestness. " Return so soon to London! Why Lady Llanberis has just told me that you have promised to remain here for three weeks, certain; and as much longer as you could. She counts on you, and.... in short, *you must not go*; for you cannot tell her that you will not stay, because she did not send you two thousand pounds: though, *if that is your price*, and you will not remain a *shilling* under, why, I can answer for her, that sooner than lose her Orosmane——"

" I perceive," interrupted O'Donnell, with some humor, " there is but one aspect of things for your Grace, and that is the ridiculous."

" To be serious then," said the Duchess—" which is the only ridiculous

thing after all; if you are only driven away by the fear of being *dragooned* into the part of a hero, you may trust me, that your compliance will never be put to the test. For persons of Lady Llanberis's class there are no *meditated pleasures*; with them, '*nothing pleaseth but rare accident.*' The amusement long planned is seldom attained; the scheme long contrived is rarely realized; the sicklied imagination droops over its own reiterated dreams; the mind, satiated by the facility with which its devices are accomplished, loses its spring, and forgoes its object; and when the strong excitements of doubt and hope, and solicitude and impatience, cease to play upon the exhausted spirits; when the intrigue and the manœuvre, the obstacle and the difficulty, are all at an end--the charm is over, and weariness or disgust takes its place; and thus, in a word, by the time the theatre is finished, the parts

filled, and all bids fair for speedy representation, why then, I will venture to affirm, that the whole thing falls to the ground. If, therefore, you should behold the theatre turned into a chapel of ease, or the *petits loges* into doves, and you should express your astonishment at the transformation, her Ladyship would coolly answer you, with Scagnarelle—“*O! nous avons changé tout cela!*” So far, therefore, you need have no apprehensions. But still, if you are weary of this place; if business calls; or pleasure awaits you in London; in that case——”

“No, Madam,” returned O’Donnel, insensibly pleased by the serious and friendly tone she had assumed—“neither pleasure nor business recall me to London, which is in fact to me a desert.

“I am at present in a state of suspenseful *expectation* about letters from the continent, which may, or may not, arrive in a week or ten days; and I

cannot take any decided step in the business, which brought me to England, till I receive them—yet, still, why should I remain---to what purpose---for what object?" and he sighed profoundly.

"Nay," she said, in a tone of some hesitation, "if, indeed, you have *no inducement* to remain——"

"Perhaps," he returned, smiling, "after all, I want rather an *excuse* than an inducement."

"If that is all," she replied gaily, "I will give you an excuse. Suppose *I desire* you to stay."

"I fear," said O'Donnell, half inclined, yet half afraid, to credit the expression of her countenance; "I fear my imagination will not go so far."

"Come then," said the Duchess, "we will leave supposition aside, and call obedience into action. I *command* you to remain," she added, imperiously.

“Indeed!” returned O’Donnel with animation: “then you *shall* be obeyed. But remember, that to command obedience, is to imply protection; and that in our’s, as in all bonds of allegiance, the sovereign and the subject stand respectively committed.”

“Well, well,” said the Duchess, moving towards the door, “I will *protect* you, if *that be all*: but,” she added, turning suddenly round, “I must do it in future at a cheaper rate, than I did last night; for really I cannot afford a white satin gown in your defence, every time you mount your griffin as the champion of your country, and cry, ‘Hola there---O’Donnel for Ireland, against St. George of England!’”

“What *does* your Grace mean?” asked O’Donnel anxiously.

“Why, I mean that poor Mr. Carlisle was as innocent as a cherub of the fall of my tea-cup, though I so cruelly ‘shook the fabric of his folly;’ and that

at the expence of my dear nephew's instep, and *my* own pretty new gown, I stopt short the 'keen encounter of your wits,' and perhaps prevented some other '*keen encounters*;' for all the rest of my *fooleries* during the remainder of the evening went to the self-same time and tune: and thus, perhaps, I imperceptibly diverted feelings, which more serious and more obvious efforts would neither have soothed nor controlled. But observe, that, as you respect the vow of allegiance, now pledged, I charge you not to throw yourself at Lord Charles's head, because he refuses to believe that *Fin-ma-cool* was nine feet high; or because, when he intends to smile, by an unhappy mistake of nature's, he seems only to sneer. Dear Lord Charles is the least in the world of an.... but as he is *my* nephew, I'll tell you more another time."

She was now gliding away, when O'Donnell following her a few steps,

with a thousand reproaches knocking at his heart, took the end of her scarf, as if to detain her.

“ Well,” she said, “ have you any thing to say ?”

“ Much,” he returned in emotion ; and he involuntarily kissed the drapery he still held. Yet, as he remained silent, the Duchess gently drew away her scarf, and went off singing,

“ Of late I was a cobbler's wife——”

CHAPTER II.

NOTWITHSTANDING Lady Llanberis had imposed silence on O'Donnel, with respect to the French plays, he found after dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, that every member of the society had shared a confidence, which he had believed almost confined to himself. Most of the party had walked to the fir grove, and had been permitted to look at the theatre; and Mr. Carlisle had ventured to efface the monosyllable *no* from the inscription over the gate. Nothing else but the plays were talked of during the early part of the evening, till Lady Llanberis herself changed the subject, of which she was grown weary, by crying, "Come, this is all very well; but

really one cannot go on ringing the changes upon the same tune eternally. One would soon grow weary even of private theatricals, if one is to hear nothing else from morning to night."

The Duchess threw an intelligent look at O'Donnell, who, with this encouragement, approached her, notwithstanding she was still in conversation with the Duke. At the same moment, however, Lady Llanberis called to the latter, "Come, Duke, I must tear you from *La belle tante*: we have not had any brag since last you were at Longlands, and I have promised Lord Charles to make up a table."

The Duke rose out of one arm chair, and threw himself into another, and the brag table was made up.

"That is an excellent person," said the Duchess to O'Donnell, as he took the vacated seat by her: "but he nevertheless reminds me continually of

the sleepy man, in Queen Ann's reign, who slept for show; and who in the syllabus of his somniferous performances detailed, *that the first hour he yawned, the second grew drowsy, the third dosed*, and so on. But of such beings, in their various modifications, is supreme bon-ton by profession, composed. This, however, by no means includes, in its rigorously drawn circle, all the rank of the country."

"From the specimens I have seen abroad of your nobility," said O'Donnell, "I have conceived that the English aristocracy was not only the most dignified, but the most enlightened of Europe; partaking fully with the people in the blessings which flow from a well understood liberty. But it is still but too true, that the society which your Grace calls bon-ton *by profession*, is distinguished by a languor, which, in the Parisian circles of my day, would have passed for mere dullness; and

would have proved infinitely tiresome and monotonous to a nation, whose constitutional vivacity gave a natural and unforced life and spirit to their social intercourse. For, after all, much of that, which is attributed to the *influence* of the *morale*, ought more properly to be ascribed to *constitution*; and I cannot but think, that those causes, which idealists deem subaltern and inferior, have, in fact, a primary influence upon the springs of intellect (about which so much is said, and so little understood), and accelerate or retard their play, by means but too mechanical."

"Possibly," said the Duchess; "but whatever be the cause, nothing can be more contrasted than the effects. Conversation here is a dull game of chess; carried on by slow moves, and deliberated checks; while the Parisian makes it a game of shuttlecock, by the lively bounding and rebounding of opi-

nion; the argument thrown lightly to and fro, caught and returned with equal ease and dexterity, and dropt at last accidentally, before either of the players are weary of the contest."

"This is, indeed, the true theory of society," said O'Donnell. "I wish your Grace would become the founder of a sect, by preaching it, which might put the *quietism* of bon-ton to sleep, and

"Quench the zeal of all professors else."

Here the entrance of two young gentlemen, whom O'Donnell had not before seen at Longlands, gave another turn to the conversation. The strangers advanced into the room, arm in arm, with looks of the most solemn gravity. They were received by Lady Llanberis with a cordial welcome, while they bestowed a silent shake of the hand to some of the men, and a cold nod of the head to a few of the women.

"Pray observe," said the Duchess,

“ those two young men, who, like *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, move together, with measured steps, and looks of mutual intelligence. It is rather a late hour for their arrival; but you will find their tardy movements are, some way or other, connected with the fate of the nation.”

Lady Llanberis now reproached them for not coming to dinner; and one of them replied, “ The house sat so late.”

“ There—I knew it,” said the Duchess. “ But what do you think they said in the house?—nothing. They have never opened their lips in it, since they made their *maiden speeches*. All maiden speeches are splendid things, and make a great noise in—the particular circle of the speaker; but these gentlemen are among those termed, *rising young men*; and *their* maiden speeches placed them at once above the common roll of legislators. Great

hopes are entertained of them, and doubtless you will soon see them high ministerial characters, each of them at the head of some important department of the government."

"But with all due deference to their precocity," said O'Donnell, laughing, "I should imagine, since political sagacity does not, like "reading and writing, come by nature," that their youth would for a little time stand in the way of their preferment."

"Quite the reverse," said the Duchess: "the old maxim, of young warriors and old statesmen, is long since gone by. It is no longer necessary to reach power by the laborious gradations of public service; nor is a knowledge of the constitution the preliminary for obtaining distinction in the senate. We take, therefore, our *Cecils* from the *forms*, and our *Harleys* from the universities. As far, however, as this experiment has yet gone, 'there's

never any of these *demure boys* come to any proof,' as Falstaff says."

"But do all your DEMURE BOYS," asked O'Donnel, "wear this solemn air and thoughtful brow, in which *men*, read *strange things*?"

"Yes," said the Duchess, "all; and they speak too in diplomatic mystery, with '*nods and becks*,' but not with '*wreathed smiles*;' oh! no.

"Seldom they smile, or smile in such a sort,
As if they mocked their spirits, that could be
Moved to smile at any thing."

"This, however," said O'Donnel, "was not, I believe, the youth of the Burkes, the Foxes, and the Sheridans, nor even of the Sullys,* or the Colberts."

* The Duc de Sully was not a very young diplomatist when he danced in a *ballet*, at a court christening. I believe the juvenile politician of our present days never *outsteps* the gravity of a waltz.

“ No, no,” said the Duchess: “ the star which arose so brightly on the horizon of their lives, kindling while it guided, and sometimes perhaps dazzling while it illuminated, sheds no influence on these, *our* ‘ wise men of the east;’ and if therefore they should in the end prove fallible, *they* cannot plead that

“ The light which led astray was light from heaven.”

“ Talking of *lights which lead astray,*” said O’Donnel, “ I have not been able to ascertain by what means your Grace has preserved *your lustre* in a sphere so likely to dull it; or how, with so much natural brilliancy, you have yet attained to such supreme *bon-ton.*”

“ You mistake; I am not *bon-ton.* *We Pamelas,* who make a step over half-a-dozen ranks of society, to repose ourselves on a red bench, and set the world staring, to know how we have got

there, are never *supreme bon-ton*. No, we are at best but *the fashion*: we are for a time shewn about, and followed and gazed at; and we exhibit and are exhibited; and, after all, are *but the fashion*. This is a poor distinction; for any one may be the fashion. But what fashion is, how procured, or how retained, 'tis impossible to say:

“'Tis something, nothing; 'twas your's, 'tis mine,
And has been slaves to thousands.”

Bon-ton, on the contrary, is less an accidental endowment, and more a prescriptive right. To be *legitimately* bon-ton, one should be high-born, apathetic, and reserved; constitutionally cold, and habitually silent; talked of by many, known to a few, devoted to none, and ennuyé by all. In a word, you must be, what Lord Charles Savill is, and what the *Dalai Lama* is supposed to be—a thing absorbed in itself, and perpetually engaged in the contemplation of its own divinity.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning Lady Llanberis communicated the contents of a letter to the company assembled at breakfast; which from the excessive satisfaction it appeared to afford, presented her in a new and amiable light to O'Donnell. The letter was from her son, and dated off ****. She had not heard from him for some time, and now received the unexpected, and apparently most welcome intelligence of his immediate return. Although O'Donnell had frequently heard her speak of her son with great affection, yet as his going abroad was entirely against her will, she had always mingled some little bitterness in her ex-

pressions of maternal fondness. He was now, however, returning sooner by six months than she expected, and, what much added to her joy and satisfaction, he was bringing over with him a Greek servant, an Egyptian fire-eater, and an Indian juggler. She would not hear any other subject mentioned or discussed, but what bore upon the return of this prodigal son, and his imported natural curiosities.

Another event, which occurred on the following day, gave an additional subject of occupation and interest to her Ladyship. Lord Edward Savill, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Duke of Belmont, was seized with a dangerous illness, and an express had been dispatched for Lord Charles, whom he had made his heir. The two noble brothers, therefore, left Longlands together for Northumberland, where Lord Edward then was at his own seat; and Lady

Llanberis, always pleased by a new and unexpected event, inasmuch as it created a new sensation, appeared deeply interested in the cause of their departure. She entreated their return as soon as circumstances would permit; and declared no sort of amusement should go on during their absence, except it happened that her son and his *people* should arrive in the interim, which was very improbable. Her Ladyship, therefore, now endeavoured to establish *quiet reading parties*, and '*rational conversations*;' and invited Mrs. St. Leger to Longlands, who had hitherto been quite forgotten. She would have no small games played, less intellectual than *proverbs*—'*qui veut vendre le Corbillon*;' and '*bout rhimès*.' She cried down *Blind-man's Buff*, and '*Petit Paquet*,' as boisterous and tiresome; and placed Lady Mary Savill and her friend Mr. Ovid Mussen, as perpetual *dictators* over the *rational*

pleasures of Longlands. The intellect of the whole society was now put into requisition, and “*Raisonner fut l'emploi de toute la maison.*”

Lady Llanberis was delighted with the new system of things, but could not help expressing her amazement, that two such clever persons as Colonel O'Donnell and the Duchess of Belmont were less expert at “*small plays*” of wit and sentiment, than even Mr. Wharton, who was always a very *useless* person in a house; or poor Sir Gilbert, who, though a man of good fashion, was *proverbially dull*. Lady Mary and her protégée, however, supplied all deficiencies; and prodigal of their talent, made an “*grand depense de l'esprit.*”

Although the Christmas party at Longlands was every day contracting its circle, and its amusements became less varied, still O'Donnell found the place more tolerable, and suffered ano-

ther week to pass over his head without even observing its flight. . . Though the prevailing tone of society was neither more animated, nor more interesting, yet he felt towards it more toleration and indulgence; or rather he sought beyond its pale an enjoyment above its power to bestow, or its intelligence to appreciate. A sort of *conversational* intercourse had established itself between the Duchess and himself, which, though free from familiarity, had still a general coincidence and mutual understanding, which approached to intimacy, and which rendered the mornings short, and the evenings delicious: for she frequently lingered to a late hour in the breakfast-room; and at night O'Donnel had always some excuse in the unfinished subject of the day's discussion, to approach and address her. Her acuteness, her animation, her power of generalizing, and rising beyond the nar-

row compass of detail—the flimsiness of personal observation, or the repetition of every-day anecdotes, which so frequently occupy the minds of the *idle* great, as of the vulgar little, with frivolous importance,* chained him near her. With *her*, discussion took a liberal scope, pursuing conjecture beyond the pale of stale opinion, neither guided by a theory, nor checked by a system; while her vivid fancy threw a *halo* of brightness over the sobriety of reason, and mingled the charm of playfulness with the gravity of thought. Evidently owing much to nature, and nothing to education; without learning, as without its pretensions; she never wearied, because she was always original. Quick

* Savez vous (disoit *la Soeur Marie*) que la mere Cecile, et la mere Therese, viennent de se brouiller? Mais vous etes surpris?—*quoi!* tout de bon; vous ignorez leur querelle—et d'ou venez vous donc?

The *Soeur Marie* is not confined to the *plebeian circles of life*.

in perception, rapid in combination, she illuminated a subject, as a sun-beam plays on a point, glittering and disappearing in the same instant, and seeming to reach by *intuition*, what she had not the faculty to pursue by reflection. Careless, indolent, and variable, she threw out ideas as they arose, which, though sometimes incorrect, might sometimes have afforded the elements of future systems, for the brain of sages to work upon; while her mind, as it appeared through her intelligent but playful conversation, might be best imaged by the light and elegant definition of that smiling philosophy, which has found its place in the French Encyclopedia, under the simple article of "*Gaiety*."*

* Si j'avois a peindre d'un seul moi *la Gaieté* la raison et la volupté re-unies, je les appellerois la Philosophie.

Diderot. — Mot Gaieté.

O'Donnell had, in common with other men, a well-founded prejudice against, what Moliere calls, *les Femmes Docteurs*; who *invent* nothing and *criticise* every thing; who *declaim* without conversing, display their acquirements; the better to couceal their innate poverty; and who are always tiresome, because they are never natural. But, between the Duchess of Belmont and Lady Mary Savill, the line of demarkation was too strongly drawn to suffer their characters to be confounded or mistaken; still, however, the *literary lady* would have imposed on a thousand, where the woman of genius would scarcely be understood by *one*: for, in the particular circles of private life, it is alike with the highly gifted of both sexes: arrogant *pretension* will still take the lead of conscious ability, and the *assuming* dunce will win the triumph of the hour; while careless genius laughs at the undiscerning umpire who

bestows it; or acute sensibility burns with indignation against the injustice which awards it. The public, the true and final judge, is sure to repeal the sentence of particular society; and merit receives immortality from its hands, while mere *pretension* is sent back to its original obscurity.

While the character and mind of the Duchess of Belmont thus grew on the estimation of O'Donnell, he began to discover, or to suppose, that there was more of design than *vanity* or frivolous ambition in her conduct; and, from many things she accidentally let fall from her lips, he was convinced she was acting up to that true doctrine, which best applies to the world in general, and which blends the sarcasm of gaiety with the indulgence of contempt. But, while he daily felt increased admiration for her shining qualities, and the careless simplicity of manner which accompanied them, he

was still left ignorant whether any *touch of feeling* accompanied this superior mind, or if the heart was as cold as the *imagination* was warm. Meantime he gave himself up to the spell of her society with unsuspecting confidence, and it had become his necessity, while he merely considered it as his resource. Still, however, he felt that she was a woman—and a fascinating woman; and he was but too well versed in the exercise of the passions, to be ignorant of their progressive and insidious influence. He was fully aware by what insensible shades of feeling, repugnance may soften into toleration, indifference warm into preference, and preference rise to devoted, zealous, exclusive attachment. With respect to the Duchess, he had more than once brought his feelings to the test of his former experience; but he believed that there were two insuperable bars between them, which would inevitably prove

the *security* of both—*his* own poverty and unprosperous circumstances, which rendered honour more tenacious and pride more lofty; and *her* passionless and ambitious character, which indicated no tendency to disinterested attachment, or proneness to generous sacrifice. It was impossible he could act so as to commit his conduct, and subject his actions, to the imputation of sordid venality; or if he could, he had not, from the Duchess's general manner towards himself, any grounds for suspecting (save such as a coxcomb might advance) that he would succeed. It was true, she conversed more with him than with any other man in their circle; but of what men were that circle comprized? Since the desertion of Mr. F. Carlisle, who had never pardoned the wound she had given to his vanity, there was no one who seemed particularly anxious to obtain her exclusive attention, or to

dispute with him that place he was so anxious to secure.

The Duchess had more than once let fall observations, which seemed intended to convey to him the conviction that she had no object in the preference she gave his society, besides the mere *passing of the hour*: “Surrounded as I am,” she said to him one day, “by the flippant or the languid, by the *over-strained* or the *under-toned*, it is quite a relief to get some one of a *humorous melancholy* like yourself, who is by *inheritance* the victim of the graver follies and more serious absurdities of mankind, and who will kindly step with me behind the scenes of life, and assist me to laugh at the melo-drame enacted on its stage. For, after all, I am afraid we must *laugh* or *weep*; we must consider it as the farce of ‘*Tom Thumb the Little*,’ or the tragedy of ‘*Alexander the Great*.”

“You do me much honour by the

election," said O'Donnel: "and whatever may be the motive of the distinction, it is but too gracious and too flattering; yet, I must confess, that to look on life with the philosophical sang-froid, with which your Grace seems to view it, one ought not one's self to belong to the woeful pageants in the scene—they only 'jest at scars that never felt a wound.'"

"Nay," she replied, laughing: "my first appearance on any stage was by no means a splendid debut. I did not come out as *Tilburina*, nor as her confidant, in the humbler guise of *white dimity*. I was a mere *mute*, a *supernumerary* in the troop of society. You saw me enact the *subordinate* part under the overwhelming influence of Lady Singleton, and you will allow it was neither very interesting nor very distinguished. However, I laughed at the whole *business* of the stage, as I do now—*aside*, I grant you, yet

still I laughed, and thought it all a monstrous farce."

"Since," said O'Donnell, eagerly, and glad to catch her at this point, "your Grace has brought in review what you were with what you are, I must own that I have not yet been able to reconcile in my mind the Duchess of Belmont and Miss O'Halloran."

"O!" she replied carelessly: "the story of *Sixtus Quintus* over again; who went double as a cardinal, but who, having once placed his foot on the first step of St. Peter's chair, stood lofty, vigorous, and erect, and cried aloud to the shallow conclave, who had placed him there, '*Sono Papa.*'"

Further than this, O'Donnell had never found her inclined to go, on the subject of her transition of character. Whatever she *had* been, what she *now was*, he felt but too fascinating, and he already contemplated his departure

from Longlands—from England—with an emotion of increasing regret, as a period which would snap asunder one of the few *golden threads* accidentally woven in his dark and tangled “web of life.”

As his third week at Longlands was now expired, he dispatched Mc. Rory to London to enquire for letters at the General Post-Office, in the hope of receiving his answer from General O'Donnell. At all events, however, he was resolved in a few days to quit his Alcina's palace, and again to shroud himself in the obscurity of his lodgings in Mary-le-bone, so conformable to his fortunes and circumstances, should the expected letter not have arrived.

As the Duchess had foretold, the idea of the private theatricals had, by degrees, quite faded away: the primary motive of their institution was, indeed, removed by an unexpected

accident; and Lady Llanberis, who had got tired of hating Lady Loton, was not sorry to be called on for a feeling of a very opposite nature. Lady Loton had been driven from her husband's house in shame and disgrace; the Chevalier St. Ange cited to appear in Doctor's-Commons, by the injured nabob; and *la tendre Zaire* was in the last stage of a nervous fever, occasioned by the treachery of her friend and the desertion of her lover.

Lady Singleton, by a happy change in her circumstances, was now relieved from the humble task of *catering* for the amusements of others, and was once more about to *set up* for herself. Mr. Glentworth, who resembled his father only in the natural excellence of his disposition, but who was not, "du bois dont on fait les grands passions," was already becoming the victim of that ennui, which the necessary idleness of great opulence

brings with it, when not counteracted by great intellect or great energy.

He had, in common with his friend Lord Boston, become weary of playing the "*Anacharsis*," which he had only enacted, because it was the fashion; and, tired of every thing he had seen abroad, he now resolved on being something considerable at home. After many debates within himself, whether he would be a "rising young man," a leader of the "four-in-hand," or "a giver of good dinners," he at last resolved on the latter; wisely assuming, that though rising young men and driving barouches *might* go out of fashion, good dinners in London never could. He wrote therefore to Mr. Vandaleur to choose him a cook; and, as the "*true amphytrion*" ought to be a bachelor by profession, he wrote also to invite his bustling step-mother to preside over the details of his *ménage*, and to fit up his house in Portman-Square. Lady

Singleton, full of the importance of a woman, who considers herself placed in the way of influencing a young unmarried man of twenty thousand a year, wrote to Lady Llanberis an epistle more concise and less sycophantic than usual; excused her attendance at the plays; lamented the disappointment of "Zaire," and promised to look out for some other French woman of fashion, who was *au fait* to that style of part. But the offer was rejected. Lady Llanberis declared she could not even *bear to hear* the plays mentioned, now that they only served to remind her of those unfortunate persons, Lady Loton and the Chevalier St. Ange; for in the deficiency of some new sensation to occupy her, she gave herself up to the most lively sympathy in the misfortunes of the former object of her rivalry and dislike.

One morning, O'Donnell, with almost all the persons who now remained

at Longlands, was looking over the papers, when Lady Llanberis entered the room, accompanied by a servant carrying a basket heavily laden.

“There,” said she to him in an hurried and petulant manner; “there, take them to Colonel O’Donnell. There, Colonel, there are *your* skates.”

“*My* skates!” repeated O’Donnell, in a tone of amazement.

“Yes,” she said, “you know you bespoke them; though certainly *I* cannot see any particular use skates are of, when there has not been any ice this week back. They may skate in *Ireland* without ice; as they fly, I hear, without wings; but it *won’t* do here, I promise you,” and she laughed satirically.

O’Donnell stood motionless with amazement, at this unexpected attack, while the Duchess, who was present, gravely said:—

“I did not know, Lady Llanberis,

that you took Colonel O'Donnell for Joshua."

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Llanberis, haughtily.

"I did not know you believed Colonel O'Donnell could make the sun stand still; and keep him *a la derobé* for the benefit of the skating party at Longlands. Though, upon second thoughts, he may perhaps hold some *undue* influence over the winds; for the *flying* wild Irish, you speak of, did keep up a sort of visiting acquaintance with the Lapland witches; and it is possible that with them he has taken out his patent of magic, and may be, for ought we know, a *sorcier a brevet*."

"I dare say he is," said Lady Llanberis, with an ironical smile, "for he seems to have bewitched your Grace." With these words she turned away, and desiring the footman to carry off "those stupid skates," she left the room.

If O'Donnell felt far from comforta-

ble at this unexpected attack, the Duchess was covered with evident confusion at the inuendo of Lady Llanberis's speech. The blood mounted to her cheek, and again left it colourless ; but, perceiving the smiles of the men, and the whispers of the women, she recovered, with an instantaneous effort, all her wonted spirit and presence of mind, and turning to O'Donnel, she said, with a natural laugh :—

“ Come, *Mr. Merlin*, will you make the ‘ charm *firm and good*,’ by accompanying me to the music-room ? I want you just to touch the bass of a sonata of Cramer's on the violincello ;” then turning round to the company, as O'Donnel opened the door for her, she said with a nod of the head and a smile :— “ Now, good folk, as Sir Peter Teazle says, I leave my character behind me.”

When they had entered the anti-room, she paused and observed :—

“ If once you give the whip hand to

the world, you must expect to be driven by it for the rest of your life:— but now, having made my *pas de charge* upon the force I saw marshalled against me, I will make a skilful retreat, and leave you, Colonel O'Donnell, to follow Lady Llauberis, and make your peace with her, for I believe it is still in your power.”

“ Make my *peace!*” returned O'Donnell, in a tone of increased amazement.

“ What then,” said the Duchess, as they both approached the fire-place, “ is it possible you have not perceived that for these few days back you have

Sail'd in the north of my Lady's opinion ?”

“ No,” he said with earnestness. “ I believe I have *of late perceived* nothing, but have dreamed away existence, and lived independent of perception.”

“ And is that a gracious mode of

being?" asked the Duchess, smiling, and leaning her arm on the mantle-piece.

"In my instance," he returned, "it is more gracious than either safe or lasting; for from such dreaming I shall be too soon obliged to awaken."

"But why not try then *to sleep and dream* again like *Caliban*?"

"When such efforts are made, the reverse of our desires too frequently occurs; and the former bright illusion is only followed up by some frightful catastrophe. I thought," he added, with another involuntary sigh, "that *I* at least had *done with dreaming!* . . . but, enough of dreams and dreamers—can your Grace assign any cause for my present unpopularity with our noble hostess?"

"Assign cause!" repeated the Duchess, laughing: "why you speak as if you were *filing a bill*, instead of

treating on the subtle and delicate subject of a *fine lady's* caprice: however, not to go back to the *trade winds* we talked of some weeks ago, and which, notwithstanding *my* warnings, you seem to have expected, it is certain you appear to have lost ground, or rather——” she stopped short, and then, with a countenance full of meaning, added:—“Come, *you know where you are*, precisely, with Lady Llanberis.”

“What can your Grace mean?” asked O'Donnell.

“Psha, psha! you are at no loss for my meaning. The thing is, to

‘Catch, if YOU CAN, this Cynthia of the minute’

Lord Charles is *away*; you are *here*: you have relaxed something of your *petits soins*; Lady Llanberis is piqued. Now then is the critical moment, which the true *Tactician* will aptly seize on; and when some well-advised little cu-

pid in his service, might, with security,

—————*Take his stand*

On the rich widow's jointur'd land."

O'Donnell started. "Your Grace's meaning is now pretty obvious," he returned, coldly. "And though you are right in supposing that *poverty* may authorise such suspicions; yet the fact is, I am *so poor*, Madam, I cannot *afford* to be a rascal."

"Nonsense! what has *rascal* to do in the business?" she returned with an incredulous smile.

"More than the gentleman," he replied, quickly; "for to seek a means of subsistence by the assumption of sentiments foreign to the feelings, and to pursue a woman for the mere purpose of obtaining a benefactress——"

"Nay," interrupted the Duchess, "that is taking up the subject in a strange perverted sense. You would not *object* to Lady Llanberis, merely because she is rich?"

“ I should certainly be the less apt to seek to interest her because she is rich,” he returned; “ but, as under any circumstances she would not be the object of my choice, I should the more abhor the idea of making her the victim of my sordidness; for, though I am poor, and an Irishman, still I am not a fortune-hunter; nor have I, in this instance, the remotest reason to suppose I should succeed if I were.”

A pause of a moment ensued, and the Duchess then said:

“ That you are an Irishman, *genuine* and thorough bred, there can be no doubt; with your porcupine spirit, rising before it is assailed, and throwing its quill before it receives a wound. With you one never knows whether one is on the point of touching the life-pulse of pride, or the tremulous nerve of *honour*: however, if I have offended, I beg pardon; if I have been pert, I am sorry. So we will shake

hands, part friends, and before I again commit myself on such points, I will carefully read over *Vincenzio Saviolo* on *honour and honourable quarrels.*”

As she spoke, she extended her hand to him with an air of friendliness not to be mistaken.

It was a beautiful hand; and O'Donnell's eyes had a thousand times dwelt on it in ardent admiration; yet now, withheld by some unaccountable feeling, he forbore to seize what he had so often coveted to touch, and to avail himself of her conciliating and condescending offer.

“Oh, you won't then?” she returned playfully: “your voice is still for war; and, as *Touchstone* says, ‘seven justices could not make up this quarrel.’”

“How can you!” exclaimed O'Donnell, in a tone of great emotion: “you know not what you do.” He paused, and covered his face with his hands.

“Very well,” she said, affecting a *pouting* tone: “remember, if we fall out for ever, ’tis not *I* who am to blame. I offered you the hand, the very little hand, which saved your life at *Carrick-a-rede*, and you refused it.”

O’Donnell raised his eyes to her face; she turned away, and moved towards the door; he sprung after her, and, seizing her hand, which she endeavoured earnestly to withdraw, the reiterated pressure of his lips crimsoned its snowy surface, and overwhelmed the Duchess with amazement and confusion. Before she could liberate it from his grasp, Lady Llanberis stood before them, but suddenly retreated, and closed the door violently after her.

“Colonel O’Donnell!” exclaimed the Duchess, in a tone of indescribable emotion, “you have cruelly committed me!”

“Committed *you!*” he repeated, in great emotion; but she was gone.

“ Oh, no !” he added ; “ it is *I* only who stand committed ;—committed in every sense.”

He threw himself on a sofa, in great agitation of mind and feeling. He could scarcely recall his confused thoughts to any one direct point of reflection. All was the tumult of contending passions, the conflict of opposed sentiments. He knew not what to suspect, what to hope, what to fear.

The fatal influence which the Duchess of Belmont had acquired over all he had left of happiness, was now too strongly felt, to admit of any further self-deception. She had taken possession of his mind, his senses ; and how little government he now held over either, he had recently been too well ascertained. Yet, hopeless and un aspiring as he really was, he believed that by the extravagance of his conduct ; by looks that would not be commanded ; by lips that not “ *by words spoke only* ;” he had put her to the alternative of be-



lieving him to be either a coxcomb or a knave; presuming on her condescension, or directing towards *her* those sordid views she had accused him of entertaining towards another.

Yet what could she mean by drawing him gradually on to commit his own feelings, and the respect due to her character and situation. Cold and passionless as she herself was, she was still but too acute, but too sagacious, and too well versed in the springs of human passion by which others were actuated, not to know how readily they vibrate when skilfully touched. "To what purpose then," he mentally asked, "has she been bringing me to the test of her philosophical acumen? Is it to discover the full extent of my weakness, merely to add me to the results she has already drawn from her experiments upon human folly; and thus, 'winning me by honest trifles, to betray me to deepest consequences?' or is it—Can it . . .?"

He arose in great emotion: he dared not follow the illusive light, by which hope was leading him beyond the bounds of probability; beyond the line which pride and honour had marked out to direct his conduct. He hurried away from a spot so fatal to the association in which he was involved; and was crossing the hall on his way to his own apartment, when Lady Llanberis quickly passed him by, but as quickly turning back, she said:

“ Oh, Colonel O'Donnel, I am afraid I was *Madame de Trop* a few minutes back in the anti-room. I intruded quite unintentionally, for I really wish you every possible success in the affair; and I think it will be a very good arrangement:—besides, the Duchess's jointure lies partly in Ireland, and——”

“ I beg to assure your Ladyship,” interrupted O'Donnel, earnestly, and in confusion, “ that you quite and

totally mistake; that your finding me in the anti-room with the Duchess—in a word, Madam, I have no designs in any possible way upon the Duchess of Belmont's jointure, lie where it may, nor, if I had, have I any reason on earth to suppose they would avail."

"O!" returned Lady Llanberis, "that is *your* affair: I don't at all want to force myself on your confidence; but from your attentions to the Duchess, and you *Irishmen being always so fortunate* on these occasions; and—but my noticing it at all is extremely *mauvais-ton*, and the mere result of accident; and so, if you please, we will drop the subject;" and she passed on.

O'Donnell now with indignation discovered that he stood precisely in the same point of view to both ladies; and he thought it was not impossible that he might even be considered as a mere *Irish fortune-hunter* by the whole society.

of Longlands. His irritable and oversensitive feelings took the alarm: he bitterly lamented the weakness which had led him on, from day to day, to prolong his visit, after the éclaircissement which had taken place between him and Lady Llanberis; and, under the impulse of new and overwhelming feelings, the most consonant to his character, temper, and prejudices, he resolved on quitting Longlands the following day, and on banishing from his recollection the heartless circle he should leave behind him; but above all, he determined to forget her who alone had been the spell of his detention, the cause of all he now felt, and now suffered.

On reaching his own apartment, his resolution received a fresh spur from two letters, put into his hands by Mc. Rory. The one was from General O'Donnel: it was friendly and favourable as his most sanguine desires

could lead him to expect. To ~~many~~ professions of kindness, was added an offer of a majority in his own regiment of hussars. O'Donnel sighed deeply as he folded up this letter. Though gratified by its general tone of friendship, his acceptance of the offer it contained was more than ever the result of his dire necessity, and equally foreign from his feelings and his choice.

The other letter, as Mc. Rory in great emotion informed him, had the post-mark of *Bailimagrabartagh* on the cover; and on opening it, he found it came from the priest of his own parish, and ran as follows :—

Sir,

I take the liberty of addressing you, at the dying request of the late Mrs. Honor Kelly, your grand-aunt, to whom I yesterday administered the last offices of the church, and who expired this morning, of the

misfortune by which she has been so long afflicted.

She bequeathed you all she had to leave—her blessing and grateful thanks for your goodness to her ; and requested that you would depute some person to take possession of the premises you assigned to her during her life, as she had reason to fear, from a threatening letter received after your departure, that an ill-disposed person, nephew to her late husband, will lay claim to the place, as heir-at-law to any thing she might be possessed of. As this may occasion some trouble, though such a claim could not be established in the end, I take the liberty of advising you, Sir, to appoint some person to take possession forthwith ; and, further, if you mean to dispose of the place, to put it up to auction. Many gentlemen in the country might be glad to obtain it, either as a sporting or fishing lodge ; for the neighbouring mountains, lakes,

and sea-coast, make it a very desirable spot for that purpose.

I would offer my own services on this occasion with great pleasure ; but that, having been for some time back uncomfortably situated with Mr. Costello, who carries every thing before him in this little neighbourhood, and who protects Mr. Kelly, and has him at this moment writing in his office, I would not wish to interfere.

I remain, Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

January 19th.

P. S. The remains of the late Mrs. H. Kelly are to be interred in the Abbey grounds in the mountains to-morrow morning. She left a gold cross, which was all she died possessed of, to defray the expences of her funeral, about which she was very anxious to the last. The old woman will remain

in the house till your orders arrive: I have offered to take her to mine, but she has a nephew in the neighbourhood willing to receive her."

O'Donnel communicated the contents of this letter to Mc. Rory (who stood anxiously watching his countenance) and asked him if he would have any objection to go off immediately to Ireland to take possession and dispose of the little property, which had thus, so unexpectedly, fallen again into his hands.

"No objection in life, your Honour, but will go with all the veins," returned Mc. Rory, his countenance brightening up at the prospect of again seeing Ireland, and the certainty that his master's very slender finances would be considerably the better by an event, which he, nevertheless, pathetically deplored.

"And so Mistress Kelly's dead, your

Honour! well, see that!—why then, troth, I am heartily sorry for her, the cratur! for she was just such another kind-hearted ould gentlewoman as her brother, God rest him!—who was a real O'Donnell, and never had the hand closed, nor the heart cold, till the day of his death. I'll be bound, your Honour, she'll have an elegant *berring*, for the sake of the family. Well, that Torney Costello's the devil; God pardon me!—And so ould Mary is going to live with her nephew, Brian Dogherty. O! I know him well, Sir, and not a dacenter lad between this and himself: he lives near the four roads, near to Aughinunchen mountain.—Well, troth, he cannot but have a blessing for that same, in regard of giving his ould aunt her bit and her sup for the rest of her days, God help her!”

“ And *we* too, Mc. Rory, poor as we are,” said O'Donnell, “ we must assist

Brian, in doing something for poor Mary, out of whatever you may receive for the sale of the place."

"O! I'll engage you will, your Honour; long life to you! You never was backward yet, in respect of goodness, never was; and its pity but what you had all Donegal to your own; troth, it is, which you would surely, if every one had their right, Colonel."

"That is nonsense, Mc. Rory," said O'Donnell. "I have every thing I have a right to; but we must lose no time. I shall have my letters ready in an hour, and you can go on the top of the stage that passes the park gate at five o'clock."

"O! I can, Sir, surely."

"And I wish you to proceed by the night coach to Liverpool directly, and take your passage for Londonderry, which will shorten your journey by three or four hundred miles, going and

returning; and I beg that you will make the best speed back, as time is precious."

"O! I will, Sir, surely; what would ail me but be back soon any how, please God."

O'Donnell now seated himself at the writing-table, and had made some progress in his letters, supposing Mc. Rory to be gone, to make the necessary arrangements for his departure; when a noise at the door of his room induced him to turn round, and he perceived Mc. Rory still standing near it, and playing with the handle of the lock.

"Have you any thing to say to me, Mc. Rory?" asked O'Donnell, resuming his writing.

"Is it me, Sir? O! no, Colonel, I have not; nothing in life," returned Mc. Rory, advancing to the table, and taking up a shoe-buckle, which he began to rub with the sleeve of his coat

with great violence, "nothing in life, only——"

After a pause, O'Donnell, raising his head from the paper, asked rather impatiently:

"Only what, Mc. Rory?"

"Only in regard of the little *still-room* maid."

"Of *who*?" asked O'Donnell, turning round.

"Of *who*, your Honour, is it? why of a tight little bit of a girl, your Honour, who does be in the *still-room*, and warms the hot water for your dressing-room, Colonel; and made the barley drink for your Honour, when you had the cowl, Sir."

"Well remembered," said O'Donnell. "I think you may as well make a remuneration to any of the servants who have been in attendance on my apartments, Mc. Rory: there is my purse, and here is a note for yourself,

for your expences on your journey; and I think you may as well take all my things to Town, except what I shall want to dress to-day; for," he added, with a deep sigh, "I shall leave Longlands to-morrow for London myself; and remember my strict orders not to mention my address in Town to any human being here."

"O! I'll be bound I won't, your Honour, nor never did."

O'Donnell now returned to writing; but hearing Mc. Rory HEM several times, he said:—

"Why don't you go, Mc. Rory? pray leave the room."

"I will, Sir; I am just going; only I thought I'd be after making bould to mention to your Honour——"

O'Donnell, now throwing down his pen, arose and said:—

"What is the matter, Mc. Rory?"

"Nothing is the matter to signify, Sir; only if you hadn't sent me back to

Ireland to-night, Colonel, I thought, with your leave, I'd just have been married to-morrow, Sir."

"Married!" returned O'Donnell, in utter astonishment: "you married!"

"O, yes, Sir, if your Honour was no wise contrary; for I got the girl's consent, a week ago, and my own, Sir; that's the girl in the still-room, Sir; for sure I never got a *taste* in the room with that foreign tawny young master after the first day; but was put down to get my ~~bit~~ in the *still-room*, with the young man there and the two maids; and more comfortable I wouldn't wish to be than there, any way; and I used to help *Martha*, the little cratur, to wash up the *chency*, and make the *white-wine whey*; and while we were over the *whey*, I used to *discourse* her; and so, your Honour, I don't know how it was, but it seemed the most *natural thing* in life; and I—and so she—and then we thought we'd—and so we are to be.

married to-morrow, Colonel, barring I go to Ireland to-night, Sir."

"How is it possible," said O'Donnell, equally vexed and astonished by this intelligence, "that, being, as you are, an honest and a worthy man, you have entered on so serious an engagement, circumstanced as you now are?"

"*Sairious*, your Honour! O, I think nothing of it, Sir, at all, in regard of being married *once't* before; when we were in barrack, Colonel, before we went to the Western Indies, and a nice little girl she was; only the day after the wedding, her first husband came to claim her, and listed in the regiment; and when he was killed at St. Domingo, she wanted to prove her right to me, Sir, and followed me to Donegal; but I would have no call to her then, in respect to a *turn* I took to leading a bachelor's life."

"Then I am sure, Mc. Rory, you had much better abide by that resolu-

tion, than involve this unfortunate young woman in your own precarious situation; for when we go abroad, which we shall do immediately, what would become of your wife?"

"O! God would take care of her, Sir, till I came back, or had the way to send for her over; besides, sure, I'd find her my pay, every sixpence of it; that's when I am a corplar, Sir."

"In fact, Mc. Rory," said O'Donnell; "for your own sake, and for the sake of the inconsiderate person who has accepted of you, either you must for the present give up her, or give up me. If you marry her, you are bound not to desert her, and you must remain to assist and support her. If, on the contrary, you chuse to go abroad with me—but observe, however, I insist on nothing; I only present you an alternative. Go then, consult with this young woman; make known honestly to her your situation, your inability at

present to provide for her, or to take her with you; and when you have consulted together, return and let me know your intentions."

Mc. Rory, with an agitation of countenance, which betrayed no feeble conflict of mind, dropped his head on his breast, uttered an *ochone!* and slowly left the room.

This extraordinary involvement of the susceptible and inconsiderate Mc. Rory awakened a train of thought in O'Donnell's mind, but little propitious to his epistolatory engagements. Mc. Rory's conduct in this instance was perfectly Irish, as it touched his own rank in life; and O'Donnell felt that it was also perfectly human. He almost regretted, while he condemned those feelings, which, unregulated and unrestrained, sought by the most direct means the possession of their object; and without reference to consequences,

embraced the present good, as an indemnity for the uncertain future—the disappointed past.

Under what an opposite influence did *he* act, and how different were the results of *his* conduct. Living in continual struggle with himself; pride at variance with fortune; honour with interest; and a morbid sensibility, the result of a lofty spirit, and an adverse destiny, discolouring even the few bright tints which still lingered upon the gloomy horizon of existence—else, why was he so prompt to construe negligence into slight, and slight into insult? Why did he shrink from the advances of friendship, lest they should cover the bondage of dependence? or why, when the woman who had now obtained possession of his whole being, met those eyes, that had no longer power to conceal the secret of his heart, did he suddenly withdraw them

with the consciousness of guilt, merely because she was prosperous and rich, and he

“ Sick in the world's regards, wretched and low ?”

Yet, while he thus dreaded the world's cold distrust, were his feelings less pure, his motives less disinterested, than if fortune had placed him beyond the aim of suspicion? He continued to muse himself into new misery; and thoughts came crowding with a painful velocity on his mind; for reflection is always an enemy to the unhappy: till at last he endeavoured to rouse himself from his “moody melancholy,” and to chase away its influence by again resuming his writing.

He had just finished his last letter, when Mr. Rory entered the room. He stood silently behind his master's chair, while he sealed his letters, and O'Donnel then turning round, perceived that his eyes were red; and pity-

ing the imprudence, which he had almost been led to envy, his heart softened towards him.

“ Well, my poor Mc. Rory,” he said.

“ Well, your Honour,” returned Mc. Rory, in a low tone, “ I am ready to go, Sir, now.”

O'Donnell was affected by the break in his voice. “ You have acted then like an honest man,” he returned, “ and sacrificed your feelings to a sense of right.”

“ O, I have, Sir !” said Mc. Rory, with a deep sigh.

“ Well,” said O'Donnell.

“ Well, Sir, the girl is no ways *unreasonable*, but quite the *contrary*; and I told her all your Honour was saying; and she said it was mighty right; but she cried a *power* for all that, Sir, the cratur, as well she might; and so I pledged my troth to her never to marry, good or bad; till I saw her face again;

and I gave her the gold pieces I had; and *broke a straw with her*,* which is as good as if I put the ring on her finger; and am book-sworn to write to her, and *manes* to bring her a gift from Ireland, if it is only a pair of *Conowars* stockings; and troth, and I wish they were Limerick gloves, for her sake."

O'Donnell now expressed himself in the warmest terms of commendation of Mc. Rory's conduct, and with gratitude for the new proof of devotion he

* Il faut rompre la paille. Une paille rompus
Real, entre les gens d'honneur, une affaire conclue.

Moliere.—*Le depit amoureux.*

This is a custom of great and universal antiquity in Europe, and is still preserved in Ireland. It is retained in England, under the rustic ceremony of the cracked sixpence. Anciently, it formed a part of compacts, the greatest and the gravest among princes; and hence the Latin verb *stipulor*, from *stipula*, and perhaps also, *fodus* is etymologically connected with the Irish, *fodar*, straw.

had given to himself; and Mc. Rory, whose affection for his master was the dominant passion of his nature, gradually cheered up, as he listened to his own praises, from *one so loved and revered*; and he replied: "I am entirely obliged to your Honour for your good opinion, and I hope I'll merit that same to the day of my death. And sure, Sir, if it's the will of God, we may come together yet, as I tould her; and return together to my own ould country, long life to it; and when your Honour marries some fine rich foreign lady in foreign parts, and brings her over to Ireland, and lives there in *great state*, *Martha* and me will live with ye'z, in the capacity of a house-maid; and I'll engage there's luck, and great luck, in store for us all yet, Colonel."

O'Donnell smiled at this prosperous conclusion, which Mc. Rory's warm imagination conjured up; and having given him all necessary instructions as

to the commission assigned to him, and some letters for the London post, he dismissed him, and went to dress for dinner, though but ill disposed to join society of any description; and equally averse in his present state of feelings to meet either the eyes of Lady Llanberis, or the Duchess of Belmont.

CHAPTER IV.

THE dinner-bell had rung some time before O'Donnell left the room; and when he took his seat at table, he perceived a new guest, whom he had not before seen at Longlands. It was a gentleman of the most imposing appearance, who, in spite of a fine figure, and a countenance full of animation, was evidently approaching his climacteric. His blue ribbon did not more bespeak him a person of distinction, than his air, his address, and that indescribable ease and charm of manner, which nature and the world sometimes combine, in those who have had the good fortune to be eminently favoured by both. He sat between Lady Llanberis and the Duchess; and O'Donnell

could not help perceiving, that though he listened and answered Lady Llanberis, yet he was most pleased when he gave his attention to the Duchess. He thought there seemed to be a certain intelligence between them. They talked of persons known to each, of evenings passed at Belmont House in the late Duke's time, of observations formerly made, and of jests and *badi-nage* applicable to some particular circle, in which they had lived together. O'Donnell felt more than curiosity, more than impatience, more than he had ever felt in his life before.

The Duchess, he thought, seemed almost studiously to avoid his eyes, although she sat directly opposite to him; and all the intelligence he could gain respecting this interesting stranger was, that he was a Lord S. and but lately arrived from the continent.

When the ladies retired from table, and the few gentlemen remaining at

Longlands drew their little circle round the fire, an observation from Lord S. on *climate* drew a rejoinder and an agreement in opinion from O'Donnell. Subject grew out of subject; and the sympathy which always exists, and generally manifests itself between intelligent minds and refined tastes, soon drew them into a sort of tête-à-tête conversation, which only terminated when they arose to join the ladies. Lord S. on entering the drawing-room immediately took his seat on an *ottoman* next the Duchess: and O'Donnell, with a feeling of misery, which he had not the courage to analyze, and was unable to controul, left the drawing-room, and threw himself into a *fauteuil* in the half-lighted and empty anti-chamber. It was the last night he intended to pass at Longlands: and although very little ceremony was observed about departures, (the visitants being used like the ghosts in *Macbeth*,

to "come like shadows, so depart,") yet he felt it something like a duty to mention his intention to Lady Llanberis, and even to make his acknowledgments for the hospitable attentions he had received at her hands : but he had no power, no spirits, to bend his thoughts to ceremonies. He resolved, therefore, on putting off the effort till the moment of his departure ; and had resigned himself to a train of feelings, into which every emotion connected with painful and uncomfortable reflections had a share. In this gloomy state of meditation, Miss Carlisle perceived him, as she was passing through the anti-room ; and with her usual *naïveté*, she approached and rallied him freely on his solitary disposition, and *Orlando-like* appearance. Finding him, however, but ill disposed to take her on her own tone, she changed it, and began to talk of Lord S. in terms of such admiration, that O'Donnel, though he

scarcely understood why, secretly accused her of malice. From general encomium, however, she digressed into particular history; and O'Donnel, in answer to some questions, which he conceived he had artfully, though negligently made, learnt that Lord S. was one of the last survivors of the Duke of Belmont's particular set; that he had lived a good deal at Belmont House during the first months of his marriage with the present Duchess, of whose talents and conversation he was a great admirer; that he had passed the last year and a half abroad; and that she believed it would excite no great surprise, if he was to offer his hand to the widow of his old friend: "And," she concluded, "he is such *supreme fashion* and *bon-ton*, that I cannot conceive any woman's refusing him: can you, Colonel?"

"Who, I?" said O'Donnel, starting from the suddenness of the application

“ I really am not at all qualified to judge.”

“ The old Marquis of B. his father, is still alive,” she continued, “ and would not readily consent to the match; but otherwise there could be no obstacle; for the Duchess has proved that where rank and fashion are to be had, she is not over-nice as to age or character. Lord S. like the late Duke, has been rather a *roué*.”

Here the conversation was broken up by the entrance of the youngest Miss Carlisle, who was sent by Lady Llanberis to collect every one to play *what's my thought like?* and when O'Donnel begged to decline the summons, the two sisters declared, that if he did not return with them, they would inform Lady Llanberis of his desertion. O'Donnel, as much to get rid of their importunities, as to avoid the appearance of singularity, accompanied them back to the drawing-room,

The circle was already formed, and *what's my thought like?* was asking round with great rapidity by Lady Llanberis. It was likened to the sun, moon, stars, elements; to any thing and every thing. Lord S. who was the first asked, had said *a watch*; when it again came round to him, Lady Llanberis asked, "Why then is the Duchess like *a watch*?"

"This is a very odd coincidence," said Lord—, instead of replying directly to the question. "Three years ago, playing this game, in a family circle at Lady Singleton's, I hit upon the same object, and found it applied to the same subject: I remember answering, by applying the device,

"*Cheto fuor, commoto dentro;*"

and I have since given myself credit for my penetration, which discovered through a demure shyness, and silent reserve, "*that within which passed chew.*"

“ Cheto fuor!” repeated Lady Llanberis: “ why I have seen a *seal* somewhere with that motto.”

“ The Duchess had one,” said Lord S—: “ if I remember right, your Grace adopted the device of a *dial plate* with that motto.”

“ No, no,” said Lady Llanberis, “ it was not the Duchess. O! I remember, it was with *you*, Colonel O'Donnel; it was on some letter you were shewing me.”

A sensation, like an electric shock, passed through the frame of O'Donnel: he scarcely heard, and did not answer Lady Llanberis's question. His eyes were fixed on the countenance of the Duchess, which exhibited every symptom of confusion and profound emotion. Lady Llanberis looked at them both alternately, with amazement, and every one present seemed struck with the incident. Colonel O'Donnel had

a letter in his possession with the Duchess's seal—he had shewn it to Lady Llanberis. The Duchess was confounded, O'Donnell was confused. Lady Llanberis seemed interested without being displeased. Each drew their particular inference; O'Donnell was suspected of having played the part of a lover to both ladies. How much further surmise would have gone it might be difficult to say, had not Lord S— rallied the attention of the party to their game, by giving in a ring as a forfeit, and declaring, that however the similitude held good between the watch and *Miss O'Halloran*, it was lost between the watch and the Duchess of Belmont: he then reminded Lady Llanberis that the game stood with Lady Mary, and thus again set it afloat.

As soon as decency would permit, and before prudence warranted it,

O'Donnel left the circle, and retired to the desirable solitude of his own apartment.

He had now, by means the most purely accidental and unforeseen, come at the mystery which had so long distanced conjecture, and had discovered his liberal benefactress in the last person, on whom his suspicions could have fallen. In the first instance it would have been utterly impossible to have directed those suspicions to a poor and destitute girl, who was herself labouring for subsistence; and for the rest, there was nothing on the part of the Duchess of Belmont, since he had known her as such, to lead him for a moment to suppose, that such an act of extravagant and unwarrantable liberality belonged to her character. She had also talked over the matter with such easy indifference, and treated the whole with such pointed irony, that

she had never for a moment occurred to him as one whose feelings of sympathy would rise beyond the level of prudence and moderation.

He was then the object of her *pity* and *relief*—of her compassion and her bounty. His meeting with her at Longlands was accidental on her part, as unexpected on his; and having generously lavished on him the means of existence, as she would perhaps upon any other *unfortunate*, similarly situated, she was careless where *that* existence, to whose maintenance she had contributed, might be obscurely dragged on; nor even now, that they had met under circumstances favourable to their knowledge of each other, was it a matter of great importance to her—was it not supposed that she might be at no distant day married to a man who had known and admired her for three years, and discovered, even under the impe-

netrable reserve of Miss O'Halloran, the talents and charms of the Duchess of Belmont.

“ But of what moment is it to me,” continued O'Donnel, as he paced the limits of his room with hurried steps, “ who admires her—to whom she may be married? For me there is now nothing left to do but to state the discovery I have made, offer her my acknowledgments, and return her her money.”

For this purpose he sat down at his writing-table; and discontented with every form of expression into which he endeavoured to throw his conflicting thoughts, he at last produced a few incoherent lines, dictated between the shame of mortified pride and the ardor of heart-felt gratitude; while passion, struggling with prudence and jealousy, betrayed its energy, even where it restrained its tenderness. At variance with himself, with her, with the whole

world, he more than ever lamented the infatuation that had led him to throw the little wreck of his happiness into the keeping of one, whom, though so lately the source of all human good to him, he now devoutly wished he had never known, since she had only served to fill up the measure of his sufferings, and to add the pang of disappointed passion to the misery of indigence. Good and evil have existence only in relation to the beings to whom they are referred; and man, measuring all things by the standard of his own feelings, applies those epithets to circumstances, as they do, or do not, co-ordinate with his own powers of enjoyment: while these are flattered, "whatever is, is right;" displace him, and he accuses the universe of disorder.

After a night of sleepless misery, he descended, on the following morning, to the breakfast-room, in the intention of putting his letter into the Duchess's

own hands, without coming to any further explanation; and of informing Lady Llanberis of his intended departure. No opportunity, however, was allowed him of doing either. The Duchess breakfasted in her own room, and Lady Llanberis was so full of news, letter, and engagements, that there was no chance of addressing her. She read a letter from her son, dated from Portsmouth, who had just landed, and was to arrive at Longlands the following day, with his friend Mr. Glentworth. She mentioned another letter, which she had received from Lord Charles Savill, announcing the death of his uncle, and the obligation he was under of visiting the estates, left him by this demise, in Scotland, before he returned; and also a third letter from Lady Singleton, proposing herself and Mr. and Mrs. Vandaleur, and Mr. Dexter, to come down in a few days to Longlands, to meet Mr. Glentworth. *A new dramatic per-*

sonæ, therefore, was about to appear upon the scene, and Lady Llanberis was as happy as a new *set* of sensations could make her. Having detailed her news with great animation and delight, she was hurrying out of the room to visit General and Lady M. Savill, who did not appear, in consequence of the intelligence, which the post had brought in of their uncle's death, when she caught O'Donnel's eye.

“ Colonel O'Donnel,” she said, coldly, “ if you mean to return to Ireland shortly, Lady Singleton has sent you a commission to procure her some of those little horses, which are sold by the dozen in your province. I don't exactly know what she means, but you do, I suppose. However, here is her letter; you will find it somewhere or other. There is nothing particular in it: ay, here it is,” and running over the letters she held in her hand;—
“ here is her coronet: *she* has no

pretty devices. Poor Lady Singleton! the *chéto fuor* would never do for her." And with rather a sarcastic smile, she gave him the letter, and left him not more comfortable, nor at ease, from her manner and inuendo, than when he had entered the room. He, however, followed her into the hall, in the hope of obtaining an *audience of leave*; but almost in the same moment Lord S. met and turned back with her.

O'Donnel entered the saloon, the door of which stood open, and remained a considerable time leaning against a window frame, lost in thought, and almost unconscious that he still held Lady Singleton's letter in his hand. The pointed coldness of Lady Llanberis's manner mortified him, and urged his immediate departure. It was evident that he had survived his popularity, and even, humiliating as was the idea, *outstayed his welcome*. Resolving, therefore, not to remain another hour under a

roof, where he might be deemed an intruder, nor to make any further effort to obtain an interview with his capricious hostess, he opened Lady Singleton's letter, to read and return it, with a note to the Countess, in which he meant to take leave.

In the supposition that the commission alluded to might be written in the envelope, he glanced his eye over it, before he took the trouble of looking through the enclosure; but it was a blank, except that at the top of the page was written,

"My dear Countess's devoted friend,
C. Singleton.

London, January 20th.

Baker Street.

O'Donnell turned to the half sheet of note-paper inclosed, which seemed by the abruptness of its beginning to be only a part of her letter, commencing with his own name. He read as follows;—

“ For O'Donnel—your ‘ copper Colonel,’ *Chevalier, Comte, or mi Lord,* O'Donnel; for all these he *has* been in his day, I dare say, and more.”

O'Donnel started—paused—doubted the evidence of his senses—took up the note-paper again—again read these words—hurried back his eyes to the signature in the envelope—to the seal, the address—it was Lady Singleton's signature and seal; the address was to Lady Llanberis; the post-mark London; the date the preceding day. He again, therefore, recommenced the perusal of this extraordinary letter, which he naturally supposed Lady Llanberis had put into his hand for some particular purpose, which might develop itself as he read on, and without pausing he went through the whole.

“ For O'Donnel—your ‘ copper Colonel,’ *Chevalier, Comte, or mi Lord,* O'Donnel; for all these, no doubt, he

has been in his day, and more too: I must confess I was a little surprized to hear, by your letter, that he was still at Longlands, nor have I the remotest idea what it means. Your *engouement* for this *soi disant* Irish Chief I thought was pretty well over, after the first ten days of his residence with you; as you seemed to have discovered that he was neither particularly useful or ornamental, and appeared *rather* to vote the *illustre malheureux*, a bore! and now, that having given up the French plays, you can possibly have no further use for this sublime *Orosmane*, I see no reason on earth why you should give him any more encouragement to remain under your roof. Of all the *pets* that a woman of fashion ever hit on, to run tame about her house, a *Pet Irishman* is the most extraordinary, as well as the most disreputable.

“ Your asking me so seriously *my* opinion of him at this time of day is

rather *too good*, and made me laugh heartily; but really, my dear Lady, one cannot go on for ever repeating, *Irish fortune hunter*, adventurer, &c. &c. That he is, even from his *own* account of himself (as you have heard it), an *equivocal* character, is pretty obvious; and in *my* opinion, at least, there is nothing in his person or manners to discredit the inference. I have before met with *a few* of these *Counts of the Holy Roman Empire*, who were, for the most part, accommodating, pliable gentry enough; but this presuming and self-opinionated coxcomb would fain play the Hero d'Opera, of which, by the bye, he has exactly the air, and seems only to doubt whether he will throw the handkerchief at Lady Llanberis, or at *Pamela* Duchess of Belmont, who is completely in *his own way*. As, however, I think *all* equivocal characters are dangerous, in as much as they have nothing to lose on the side of

reputation, and therefore may fairly go what lengths they please, I advise you to let this *Irish, French, German, Colonel*, down softly. He will soon find out what you mean, and *make* his bow, before he is too far shewn up to *make* his way elsewhere; for you may be sure he will present himself in town as *fresh from Longlands*, with the sanction of your Ladyship's notice, and the certificate of his *gentillesse* obtained from your favour. And now, as in the midst of all my unpleasant bustle here, I have contrived to fill three sheets of Mr. *Mussen's* pretty *deviced* note-paper, and even to write this last half sheet *cross-ways twice over*, I hope you will give me due credit for my devotion, and excuse me, if for want of room, as well as want of time, I forbear to add more than what will cover this little French motto—namely, that I am, as ever, your slave, &c. &c.

C. SAVILL.

O'Donnel had, with great difficulty, got through this letter. The cross-writing was not easily deciphered, and the mingled emotion of surprize and indignation at Lady Singleton's supposed duplicity, and cruel attack upon the character of a man, whom she had herself introduced into the house whence she endeavoured to chase him with obliquy, left him scarcely patience or power to come to the end. Still, however, hoping to find some authority, reason, or excuse, for this sudden change in her Ladyship's sentiments, he read on, till the signature of Lord Charles Savill explained at once the whole mystery, and convinced him that Lady Llanberis, with her usual giddiness, had, by mistake, put part of Lord Charles's letter into Lady Singleton's envelope instead of her own. The first flush of strong and indignant feeling soon subsided. This event rather steadied his nerves than

shook them; and by giving a direct object to his floating emotions of misery and indignation, it served rather to tranquillize than to disturb him. After nearly an hour spent in walking up and down the room in deep reverie, he went to his own apartment, and wrote the following billet to Lady Llanberis:

“ Colonel O’Donnell presents his compliments to the Countess of Llanberis—as business of urgent nature requires his immediate presence in London, and as her Ladyship’s engagements may not afford him the opportunity of paying, in person, his farewell respects, previous to his departure this day from Longlands, he seizes on the only mode left him to make his most grateful acknowledgments, and to offer his best wishes for the continuance of her Ladyship’s health and happiness.”

O'Donnell then took his letter for the Duchess, and after much irresolution, resolved on presenting it himself at the door of her dressing-room, whither he proceeded. Her maid answered to his knock, and as he put the letter into her hand, he perceived the Duchess standing at the fire-place in earnest conversation with *Lord S.* He drew back—the door closed. He would have given all the world to have recalled his letter, and to be able to return its inclosures in a blank cover: it was now too late. He had previously given orders about having his things sent after him by the stage to the coach-office, and sending Lady Llanberis his note of adieu, by a footman he met in the hall, he hurried from the splendid mansion of Longlands in a state of feeling still more wretched than he had entered it. He had then only misfortune to endure—he had now *passions* to combat. As he passed

through the *porte-cocher*, he perceived Lord S.'s carriage, and out-riders approaching it. *He* was then returning to London also; but, "Oh!" thought O'Donnell; "under what different circumstances!" Fearful of being seen by Lord S. he avoided the high road, and proceeded on foot across a dreary heath, chilled by the sleeting showers of an inclement day, and

Wrapt in dismal thinkings;

for independent of the last-born suffering, which lay brooding at his heart, he was weary and sick of a state of fortune, which subjected him to shameful suspicions, and exposed him to the shafts of obloquy and contempt, the more insupportable, because he had

"No signs, save men's opinions and
His *living-blood*, to shew the world he was
A *gentleman*."

CHAPTER V.

O'DONNEL arrived in town late in the evening. It had snowed heavily, almost from the time he had left Longlands; yet though he was chilled by the intense cold, and his clothes were wet through, he proceeded at once to Belmont House, to enquire Lord Charles's address, of whom Lady Llanberis had spoken that day as being still in Northumberland. The porter could give him no certain intelligence, but directed him to Lord Charles Savill's own house. Thither he directed his steps, and learned from the house-steward, that his Lordship, in a letter of that day, had ordered all letters to be directed to Northumberland, until the 8th of February, when

his letters were to be forwarded to his agent's at Edinburgh; in the neighbourhood of which he intended to remain for some time.

O'Donnell now proceeded to his own comfortless and obscure home, in Mary-le-bone; where no fond or cordial reception awaited his arrival, save what his faithful dog bestowed on him. Yet so anxious does the heart of man call for some reciprocation to its feelings, that even the caresses of *Bran* were gracious to the heart of his master.

He learnt from the person of the house, that Mc. Rory had set off for Ireland the night before; and he received from him a small *iron box* containing some family documents, which he had entrusted to his care on his departure for Longlands. They were only deeds of estates long passed out of his family, the letters-patent of nobility long since forfeited, and some original

letters from crowned heads to his ancestors, which were as intrinsically valuable to the mere antiquarian, as to the descendant of the persons to whom they were addressed. Yet with a fondness, a pride, which perhaps bordered on weakness, O'Donnell prized and preserved these relics of former greatness, and intended to carry them with him to the continent, already the depository of so many of the family archives of Ireland.

Notwithstanding a feeling of fatigue and exhaustion, and that it was much too late for the post, O'Donnell addressed the following letter to Lord Charles Savill, before he retired to rest, enclosing with it the letter and *envelope* he had received from Lady Llanberis.

My Lord,

The enclosed was put into my hands for my perusal by the Countess Llanberis, as a letter from Lady Singleton.

Involved in her Ladyship's mistake, I read it under a similar impression; but I did not read it through, without twice referring to the signature in the envelope. The appearance of your Lordship's name at the end of the enclosed page dissipated my error, and left me nothing to regret in the discovery, but that I had obtained a knowledge of your Lordship's opinion of my views and character, by means, which, though unsought and unavoidable, were the last I should voluntarily have chosen. For the rest, my Lord, all comment would be equally idle and vain. You must either immediately state *through me* to the Countess of Llanberis, the *facts* upon which the opinions of the enclosed letter are founded, or *unsay* all you *have said*; or you must afford me the only redress in your power to make, or in mine to receive. As my stay in England is extremely limited, your Lordship's answer in due course

must determine whether I am to await your arrival in town, or to follow you into Scotland.

I am, my Lord,

&c. &c. &c.

O'DONNEL.

London,

— Coffee-house, — Street,
Mary-le-bone.

O'Donnel arose the next morning at day-light. The perturbation of his spirits would not suffer him to rest, or even to remain in bed; and though a feverish heat burnt in his veins, and the cold and wet, to which he had exposed himself the preceding night, already exhibited its effect in symptoms by no means equivocal; yet as soon as he was dressed, he went himself to the post-office with his letter. He did not act thus to insure the safety of his letter; but guided by the influence of that restless impatience, which torments the minds of those who suffer.

As he was returning home, an incident occurred under his eye, which not only lowered his spirits but his purse, and induced him to spare from his scanty resources more than, in a cooler moment, prudence would have permitted him to bestow ; but in the sympathy of affliction his hand and his heart now went together.

When he arrived at his lodgings, he found himself too ill to remain up any longer. His looks alarmed his landlady. A sick stranger in a common lodging-house is always an object of apprehension to those who preside over it ; and neither the distinguished appearance of O'Donnell, nor the boastings of Mc. Rory, had produced such an effect on the master and mistress of the house, as to render them quite *easy* as to the circumstances of O'Donnell, who, beside being *sick* and unknown to them, was—*an Irishman*. The one teased him with questions—

“ If there was no *friend* he wished to send for ;” and the other so incessantly importuned him to have a physician called in, that O'Donnel on the third day consented to the proposal, and an expence was daily incurred, which had become as necessary to the preservation of his life, as it was unsuitable to the state of his finances.

The forlorn patient was slowly recovering from a nine days fever, and had dismissed his physician, when he received the following answer to his letter, from Lord Charles Savill, dated from Edinburgh.

Sir,

I am not much in the habit of retracting my words ; nor, in the instance to which you allude, can I assign any reason to myself for doing so.—Declining, therefore, the alternative you condescendingly allow me—and leav-

ing you to make what use you please of a lady's mistake, and your own discovery,

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

C. SAVELL.

This letter was put into O'Donnell's hands on the first day he had left his bed; and his landlord expressed his surprise, when his invalid lodger, giving the iron box and his dog once more to his care, informed him that he was going to the country for some days. The landlady, too, a sort of Lady Singleton in *her* little way, endeavoured to represent to him the madness of going out at all, while still labouring under the remains of his disease; and begged to be permitted to go and ask the Doctor's advice, who had been dismissed the day before. But O'Donnell replied in so peremptory a manner, that neither husband nor wife offered any

further remonstrance or advice. On the following morning O'Donnell took his place in one of the North coaches, carrying with him what money he was master of, and a few changes of linen, in a small portmanteau.

That he had not heard from Mc. Rory in the interim, caused him some anxiety and uneasiness; but he endeavoured to think that his silence was the result of a tedious passage; and he left a letter for him with his landlord, in case he should arrive in England before his own return, which (if indeed he ever returned) was most probable.

CHAPTER VI.

AN early session had produced an early winter in London; and by the middle of February, most of the neighbouring villas were emptied of their splendid societies.

Lady Llanberis had left Longlands; and, armed with her newly-arrived son, his fire-eater, and his juggler, began her campaign for the season, with additional vigour, brilliancy, and fashion. Lady Singleton was wholly engaged in forwarding the views, and multiplying the amusements of her step-son, well aware how much her own consequence in the world would depend upon her interest and influence over the mind of a young man, who was single, and in the possession of a large estate.

Lady Mary Savill had resumed her evening reading parties and literary conversations, where every one came to exhibit, and no one was amused; where all came to be heard, and no one to listen; where all was effort and affectation, vanity, and ennui. The Duchess Dowager of Belmont continued to be more talked of than known; and, contrary to expectation, received a very limited circle at home, and went not much abroad. Her exclusiveness paved the way to her future bon-ton, the difficulty of obtaining her society considerably enhancing its value.— More odd and more whimsical than ever, her originality procured her a reputation, which mere genius could not have obtained; while her cynicism, which became every day less sportive and more severe, rendered her at least as much feared as liked. Still, however, she was amusing; and in that she

possessed a quality adapted to the tedium and apathy of the age and circle in which she lived ; which secured her toleration, if it could not obtain popularity.

* * * * *

One fine frosty morning, in the latter end of February, a lady, who was walking in St. James's Square, followed by her servant, was struck by the appearance of a fine dog, of gigantic size and great beauty ; and as she ascended the steps of a house, called to the man who led him, to inquire if it was for sale. The appearance of the man warranted the supposition. His figure was gaunt and meagre, his countenance haggard, and his dress the habiliments of poverty.

“ Is it me, Madam,” he said, “ sell the dog ? Oh no, Madam, I *would not*, by *raison* of it's not being my own, but another gentleman's.”

“ Pray step in here, however, for a moment,” said the lady, as the hall door opened.

“ Surely I will, Madam,” replied the man, taking off his hat, and leading the dog into the hall; while the lady bending over it, patted its head for some time in silence. Then raising her eyes, she said, “ I presume you are an Irishman.”

“ Is it me, Madam—O yes, Ma'am.”

“ And this dog,” continued the lady, “ is it Irish too?”

“ Troth, Madam, I could not tell you, barring I'd tell you what I don't know.”

“ How came you by him?” she asked, motioning him to follow her into an adjoining room, and shutting the door.

“ How came I by him, Ma'am? Oh, I have no call to him at all at all; only just when the lodger, who owns him, goes out, I don't care to *lave* him behind; for one of the *childer* is mighty

arch,* and he's worrying the animal ever. So as the lodger took off his ould collar, I just tie this bit of a rope round his neck, and bring him out with me, when I go of an errant, and isn't at work."

"And what is the name of the lodger?" asked the lady, still bending her head over the dog and carressing it.

"Why then troth, I cannot tell you that, Madam, either; and sorrow bit of me ever thought of the same till this blessed hour, so I didn't; but sure he is a real gentleman; and the blessing of me and mine go with him."

"Has he been a friend to you?" asked the lady.

"Has he been a friend to me, Madam? oh then it's himself that has, God bless him!" and bowing low, he added, "for you see, Madam, I am a poor county Sligo boy, that comed over to Liverpool for harvest work, four years

* Arch—Mischievous.

ago, and devil a work I got, or rap I earned, only the shaking *faver*, God help me. And the woman that owns me followed me, the cratur; and the greatest of hardships we suffered undoubtedly; until it plased the Lord to send us work, and I got to be a *paver*, Ma'am; first in Liverpool town, and then in London. But the times is mighty hard, and it was the will of God the childer should come fast, and troth and we were sorely pinched to keep the life in us, so we were; or a rag to our back, God help us."

"Go on," said the lady impatiently. "And the gentleman—he relieved you, I suppose?"

"Well, Madam, as I was saying, one morning, very early, as I was at work, making up a bad step in High-Holborn, little *Kateen*, the biggest of the childer, and the sweetest little sowl that ever breathed the breath of life; I may say it now, God help me, that she

is taken from me, my poor infant.— Well, one morning, little Kateen comed to me with my breakfast, as it was her custom to do, poor child. While I was finishing my drop of milk, she sat beside me on the pavement, playing *jack-stones*, the little jewel! when, whisk comes by, for all the world like a flash of lightning, a *corricle*, and runs over the leg of my child, and smashes it to pieces, before I could bless myself; and the rogues that were in it (my curse light on them, and it will surely) never *cracked cry*, till they were out of sight. There I stood, for all the world as if I was stunned with a stone, leaning over my poor infant, who lay stretched for dead, as I thought, and bleeding a power, saving your presence, Madam; and the sight fairly left my eyes, and not a stir could I stir, when a gentleman, with this same dog after him, comed by, and lifts up the child in his arms, and with-

out more to do, runs in with her to the poticary's shop hard by, and holds her in his lap himself, the blessed virgin reward him, while the young man in the shop dressed the leg; and seeing that I trembled like a *lase*, he carried her home himself to the court: and when he asked us some questions, and found we were his country people, and *sorrow poorer breathing*, he gives us three guineas to pay the poticary, and help us on. But och hone! it was not God's will to spare her to us, the jewel, so it wasn't, for she dropped off like a flower, as I may say, of that cursed mortification, that all the doctors living wouldn't cure, as they tell me. And the gentleman, who owned the poticary's shop, far from taking any thing for his trouble, gave me a guinea himself—for the English are fine people, and mighty charitable. Well, after burying Kateen, we had three pounds ten left, and a great sum surely

it was: and, 'Larry,' says Judy to me (for my name is Lawrence Colohan, Madam, at your service), 'Larry,' says she, 'let us lay this up for a sore day.' And so, Madam, we turned it, and turned it in our heads; and at last we thought what better could we do with it, nor buy a feather-bed,* and a tight bit of a bed we got, that was but little worse of the wear. And we put it up in the closet in the back room, which is an excellent room any how. For, Madam, my employer lets me stay in a *condemned* house, in lieu of a little work I be's doing for'm in off hours."

"What do you mean by a condemn-

* A feather-bed is always considered as a valuable acquisition by the lower Irish, under two points of view. First, it is looked upon as a kind of property, which may be *farmed out* at good interest. Having "a bed to let," among two or three lodgers, is a common mode of subsistence. Secondly, to have "a bed to *die on*," is a mark of respectability.

ed house?" asked the lady, who continued to walk up and down the room during this narration.

"Why see here, Madam, a house that is condemned to be thrown down: but, as luck would have it, my employer, who is the owner, has a *differ* about the *primises*; and when the roof was off, and the upper story nearly down, the work was stopped; and so, till they settle the differ, he lets me keep in the bottom part, God bless him. So, Madam, when the bed was up, we thought we'd let good dry lodgings, and puts up a bill."

"Well, and then you got a lodger?" interrupted the lady, stepping before him.

"Och I did, Ma'am, and an excellent good one; for one fine morning, a *month*, and more, after little Kateen's death, who should step in, as he passed by, but *the gentleman*, to ax after her; and so we shewed him into the back

room, because it is far more *decentèr*, and we tould him as much as that we had laid out his money well—the saints reward him,—and were going to let dry lodgings, so we were. And to be sure, it surprised myself greatly, and Judy too, when such an *iligant* fine gentleman offered himself to lodge with us. ‘And little fit the place is for the likes of you, Sir,’ says I: but he said, all as one, as that it would do well enough for a time; for all he wanted was to be *clane*, and would never ate bit or sup under the roof, only sleep, or write a letter, or the like. And though we axed but five thirteens a week, he gave us eight; and paid us a month’s lodging in hand. But not a farthing of it but we laid out on the back room, and a pretty nate room it is. So I may say, we’e not a tester the better for him yet; but we won’t be so long, *plase* God; for sure, won’t it be clear gain after the first month?

and so I went for his portmanteau and things: and you see, Madam, that's how I came by this fine animal of a dog, and no wise dishonestly; for if I'd sell him, sure I'd make a good penny by him, any way, before now, so I would. But I didn't, and never will, plase God."

The lady seemed lost in thought for a few seconds, and then quickly replied:

"My good man, I am a country-woman of your's, and inclined to serve those, who leave Ireland from motives of industry, and have not been altogether as fortunate as they expected. But I have been so often imposed on, that before I offer you or your family any assistance, I must enquire into the truth of your statement. Leave me word where you live, and I myself will visit your family; and if all is as you say, I will endeavour to be of use to you."

“ You will, Madam? Why then, my blessing, and the blessing of my infants, go with you, I pray God; and wasn't it my luck, and my great luck, to meet you, Madam. And it's where I live, Madam, is in Tucker's-Court, in Seven-Dials; and you can't miss the house, Madam, by reason of its being the only one in the place; the others being fairly pulled down.”

The lady wrote down his address as he dictated it, asking as she wrote, “ At what time is your lodger at home, for I do not wish, my good friend, to be seen on these occasions?”

“ Indeed, Madam, mostly at night; but he is no way reg'lar. But any way, there's no fear of his being in the way, for he has no call to our bit of a room, only the ould door that's between the two rooms: and Judy has papered up the broken panes, so she has.”

“ Well then,” said the lady, opening the door, and speaking to him in the

hall, where several servants stood round the fire, "since the dog is not your's to part with, I cannot of course be the purchaser; but I will go and see your family, and if I find them worthy of my attention, they shall obtain it."

"Long life to your Honour, Madam, and God pour a blessing on your head, amen!" With this prayer the Irishman left the house.

The person, who had thus formed the resolution of visiting the abode of poverty, was one, whose mingled benevolence and eccentricity had often led her thus to indulge her feelings; sometimes at the expense of her delicacy, sometimes at the risk of her safety; for where she discovered suffering or want, there she administered comfort and relief. This person was the Duchess of Belmont. Her servants, therefore, were too well acquainted with her charitable disposition, and singular modes of gratifying it, to feel

any surprise when she ordered her chair, at four in the afternoon, and gave orders to be carried to a wretched court in Seven-Dials. At the entrance of this court she got out, and, followed by her servant, advanced along a miserable passage, dark and gloomy from the lateness of the hour, and almost impassable from the quantity of rubbish which filled it. The only house which remained, stood open. Desiring her footman to wait in the passage, she entered a little room on the right hand, which seemed one of those last resorts of wretchedness,

“ Where lowly poverty retires to die.”

It was partially illuminated by the embers of a fire, and by a light proceeding through a dismantled half glass-door. It was empty—all in the house was silent as death. The desolate appearance, and close and noisome air of the room, would have been perhaps

sufficient to chase away the benevolent visitant, in spite of the perseverance of charity, but that the interior of the adjoining apartment, seen through the only remaining pane of the middle door, fixed her attention, and left her without the will, as without the power to move. The room was hid in darkness, save only one spot in the centre, where the rays of a miserable candle, which burnt on a table, partially dispelled the gloom, and threw "its red and fleery light" upon the head of a man, who sat writing before it. On one side of the table lay a small iron box, on the other a pair of pistols. Some sealed letters were scattered round with other papers, and a dog lay sleeping at his feet. The Duchess's hand fell from the door, against which she leaned, with a faint noise. The writer started, held up the candle above his head, looked round, and replaced it on the table: the dog also rose,

but again lay down. The master paused for a moment, before he resumed his occupation; and in that pause, the flickering light flashing strongly on his broad forehead, discovered the countenance of O'Donnell—his dark eyes burning brightly in the shade of their sunken sockets, his complexion livid beyond its natural paleness, and indignation, tinged with despair, forming the “character” of his sad brow.

After leaning for some time on his hand, in seeming melancholy reverie, he resumed his occupation, and folded and sealed the paper he had been inditing; then for some minutes fixed his eyes upon the direction, and with a sigh “*not loud, but deep,*” dropped his head upon his hand, and remained motionless; till suddenly starting from his seat, as if to shake off this “slumberous agitation,” he stood erect, and took up one of the pistols which lay upon the table.

The Duchess saw no more—she threw open the door, rushed silently forward, and seizing the hand thus fatally armed, held it tremblingly in her own; looking upon him in silent agitation, without power to move or articulate. He too stood aghast and motionless. His eyes, with a frenzied stare, were fixed upon her face—his unnerved hand remained cold and powerless in the grasp of her's—while the dog, who at her first appearance had sprung fiercely towards her, now crouched at her feet; probably in the recollection of the caresses which she had lavished upon him in the morning. A breathless, awful silence of some minutes ensued. At last, the Duchess, drawing the pistol from his unresisting hold, laid it gently on the table, and in a low but firm voice asked, “Am I right in supposing that I have providentially arrived, to prevent an attempt on your own life?”

“Certainly not, Madam,” replied O'Donnell, emphatically; yet, while he spoke, his looks were wild and wandering, and seemed to contradict his words.

“These pistols—” said the Duchess, shuddering and averting her eyes, unable from emotion to proceed.

“These pistols,” he repeated with an obvious effort to collect his thoughts, “are not here, as you suppose, for the purpose of *self-murder*.”

“Not for *self-murder*!” repeated the Duchess, throwing her eyes from the pale and haggard countenance of O'Donnell to the instruments of death, and from them to the iron box. A new feeling of horror seemed to seize her mind; she trembled and grew pale, but spoke not.

“Why do you tremble, Madam?” he asked with sternness. “What is it you suspect or fear? or rather, what has led you to a spot so suspicious and

so fearful? For what purpose are you here?"

The Duchess replied inarticulately, intimidated by his darkling brow and hollow voice—"Motives of charity."

"Oh, Madam!" he interrupted her quickly, and with a disdainful smile, "you mistake; I want no charity, and least of all from you."

"Gracious God!" she exclaimed, struggling with her emotion and with her tears; "how can you suppose—charity to *you*, Colonel O'Donnell! oh, no. I came here to relieve a poor distressed Irish family, whom accident discovered to me this morning."

"For that purpose solely?" asked O'Donnell, in a softened voice.

"No," said the Duchess, resuming something of the native spirit of her character, "not solely; I came here also on the *suspicion, almost in the hope*, that you were that benevolent and generous benefactor and tenant, of whom

the master of this abode spoke with such gratitude and reverence."

"Well, Madam, your suspicion was, you perceive, just. I *am* the lodger with that poor and wretched person, to whom your universal charity extends itself. I *am* the tenant of this squalid abode, where I thought a man, who, in spite of adversity, had still preserved the spirit of a gentleman, might at least hide his head in safe and undiscovered obscurity; but I find I was deceived. Being then the identical person your Grace suspected, may I beg to know what are your commands?"

The Duchess stood for a moment silent; passions of a conflicting nature seemed to struggle in her mind, by the rapid changes which took place in her countenance; at last she said, with a determined air:

"For what purposes do these pistols lie here?"

“ For no dishonourable purposes,” returned O’Donnell, indignantly, and, placing his hand upon his heart, he added, solemnly: “ I pledge your Grace my honour to this assurance; but whatever are your suspicions, or your commands, I must entreat you to be brief. This is not a place where a person of the Duchess of Belmont’s rank and character should be discovered. The poor people, to whom this asylum of misery belongs, are gone, a little while back, to the funeral of a deceased countryman, and may soon return: perhaps it were as well that your Grace returned instantly to your equipage, and if your charity pointed to their relief, they can at another moment—”

“ My *charity*,” interrupted the Duchess, “ led me to seek *them*, my *interest* to discover *you*; for I came not here to offer you *my* services, Colonel O’Donnell, but to solicit *your’s*.”

“ In what way ? ” asked O'Donnell, in an hurried voice. “ I am a very destitute, a very forlorn person—your Grace must mistake.”

“ Be you what you may,” she returned, earnestly, “ you alone can save me from ruin ! ”

“ You ! ” exclaimed O'Donnell eagerly, and in great emotion ; “ You—I assist, serve *you!* how—where ? command me to the uttermost—my time, my efforts, my life.”

The Duchess turned aside her head for awhile, and covered her face with her handkerchief, then advancing towards the door, she said :

“ You are right in your observation on the impropriety of my remaining here ; but if you—” she paused and sighed.

“ I will wait on your Grace at your own house,” he returned quickly, understanding her meaning.

“ Can you *with safety?* ” she de-

manded, in a tone of hesitation and anxiety.

“ Yes, certainly, with safety ; for though to such places as this

‘ Death and danger dog the heels of crime,’

yet I am at least free from guilt.”

“ Suppose then to-morrow,” she said.

“ *No, not to-morrow*—to-morrow I go a short journey on urgent business, and my return is uncertain ; but this evening, if your Grace will allow me.”

“ Then,” said the Duchess, eagerly : “ this evening—this evening, at eight, I shall expect you.”

“ You may, Madam,” he replied, “ I will not fail.”

She now moved towards the door, and O'Donnell followed her with the light. She glanced her eye for a moment back on him. All the severity of his countenance was fled ; his brow had lost its gloom ; a faint hectic burnt

on his cheek, and a passionate melancholy softened the sternness of his eyes: he paused at the first door.

“ I dare not light you further,” he said: “ but I can follow you till you are under the protection of your servant.”

“ My servant awaits me in the hall,” she replied: “ there is no danger.”

O'Donnell bowed his head, and retreated to lay aside the light; but when she had reached her chair, she perceived that he had followed her to the entrance, and his lofty figure appeared under the shadow of the archway, as she passed it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE clock of St. James's church struck eight as O'Donnel ascended the steps of the Duchess of Belmont's house. A servant ushered him into a drawing-room, which communicated by a folding door with a library. The servant, when he went to announce O'Donnel, left this door partly open, and O'Donnel, to his surprise, almost to his consternation, perceived the Duchess had company. The group, which stood round a table examining some books, were strongly exhibited to him by the bright light of a pending lamp: it consisted of two ladies, the one elderly and plain, the other rather young, foreign-looking, and beautiful. The only gentleman present was Lord

S——. The Duchess was in another part of the room, seated pensively on a sofa. The servant paused for a moment in search of her; but when he approached, and announced O'Donnell, she immediately came forward, and drawing the folding door after her without quite closing it, she approached, and offered him a hand, which, though he bowed on, he scarcely touched.

“When you had the goodness,” she said, “to offer me your company this evening on a business so important to my interests, I forgot to mention to you, that I had some friends in the house with me; but when I tell you who they are, you shall judge for yourself, and join our little party or not as you think fit. Mr. Mausel, my uncle by marriage, an Irish lawyer of some eminence in his profession, and of a character distinguished by its singleness and integrity, is come over to this country on the subject of the suit, in which I

am unfortunately engaged ; he is my agent as well as lawyer, and is, indeed, my zealous and anxious friend. Though he has a large family, he would have been but too happy, to have received me as a member of it in my less fortunate days, if I could have submitted to dependence. He and my aunt are, at present, both my guests, but he is this evening engaged to a dinner with a countryman of his, high in office here. There is also a charming Florentine on a visit with me, from whom I received many kind attentions, when I stood most in need of them abroad, and who placed me under the protection of the English family, with whom I returned to this country. As for our *gentleman*," she added carelessly, " who came, indeed, *uninvited* to dinner, you know him : it is Lord S——. He is, at present, attending a dying father, who, indeed, has been so these twenty years. And now, knowing of

whom my little fire-side circle is composed, will you join it?"

O'Donnell, in a few cold words, decidedly declined the invitation; but his countenance was that of a man whose heart was too full for speeches or ceremonies.

The Duchess then pointed to a chair, near the fire, took another herself, and rung for coffee. When the servant had retired, and a silence of some seconds had followed a few common-place observations, O'Donnell suddenly raised his eyes to the Duchess's face, and perceived that her's were fixed on him, with an earnest and melancholy gaze.

She appeared something confused as their looks met, and said, abruptly :

"Good heavens! Colonel O'Donnell, how changed you are: surely your health must have suffered much since I last saw you."

"It has suffered *a little*, Madam,"

he returned, with an air of increased dejection.

“ Have you passed that interval in London ?” she asked.

“ A very short portion of it. Business called me from town, before I was quite recovered from a fever, which confined me the day after I left Longlands ; and a severe relapse was the consequence, under circumstances the most unfavourable.”

“ How do you mean ?” asked the Duchess, anxiously.

“ My illness seized me on a distant journey in a remote and desolate situation, where little aid of any description could be procured ; where I had not even the attentions of a servant to trust to ; my recovery was, therefore, only short of miraculous.”

“ Good God !” exclaimed the Duchess, in great emotion : “ but where was your faithful Irish servant—where was Mc. Rory ?”

O'Donnell paused for a moment—his lips quivered—his eyes glistened.

“Where he still is,” he at last replied: “in prison in Ireland, and on my account.”

The drops fell plenteously from the eyes of the Duchess, though she silently struggled with her emotion.

“Your Grace is very good,” replied O'Donnell, “very benevolent: poor fellow, he is not undeserving of your sympathy. I hope his usual health and spirits will not desert him, till something can be done for his relief. He is at present, unjustly I believe, a close prisoner in a jail, in the north of Ireland, without money to support him, or friends to redress and assist him.”

“He shall have both,” returned the Duchess, with earnestness. “Every thing shall be done for him that can, if you will put me in possession of the facts upon which to go. Mr. Maun-

sel is a resident in the north of Ireland; he is a person of considerable influence; he returns thither in a few days, and I shall put Mc. Rory into his hands: he cannot possibly be placed in better."

"God bless you—God bless you!" returned O'Donnel, in great emotion, involuntarily rising from his chair; and covering his eyes with his hands, he remained leaning in silence against the mantle-piece for many minutes.

"You shall speak of him yourself to Mr. Maunsel," said the Duchess, "and give him instructions as to what steps may be taken."

"This letter," said O'Donnel, drawing one from his pocket, "will inform Mr. Maunsel of all the circumstances of which I am myself acquainted. It is from Mc. Rory, and composed with his usual prolixity. It arrived during my absence from London;

unfortunately, therefore, it has remained a month unanswered."

The Duchess took the letter, and placed it in a writing-box.

"And now, Madam," said O'Donnell, resuming his seat, "that you have removed from my mind a cause of very great and just anxiety, and given up your generous feelings to the interests of others, I beg to know in what way I may be of use in promoting your own?"

"I will endeavour," said the Duchess, recovering herself, "to be as succinct as possible. You are perhaps aware that the property, of which your uncle defrauded you, was lost by him at hazard, to the late Duke of Belmont, my husband." O'Donnell nodded assent.

"And perhaps you may have also learned that this *Irish property*, which has *more* than doubled its value within the last thirty years, makes *nearly the*

whole of my jointure, being the only untailed possession in the late Duke's power to bequeath."

"I did not hear the fact, Madam," returned O'Donnell, "but I thought it probable."

"*You thought it probable,*" repeated the Duchess, pointedly, "and you yet rejected the miserable offering, which justice made to your wrongs."

"Which prodigal, princely generosity made to my misfortunes, you mean, Madam," interrupted O'Donnell, in some agitation. "But that is passed; though the gratitude it awakened can cease to exist only with my life. It is, however, your Grace's interests, not mine, that we are at present discussing."

The Duchess shook her head, and smiled reproachfully, then, after a moment's silence, she continued.

"Shortly after your abrupt departure from Longlands, I returned to

town, and found, on my arrival, a legal notice of a process commenced against me, by a person of the name of O'Donnell, who, though an American by birth, has revived some claims on the property assigned by your uncle to my late husband. Although the deed of gift passed from the late Mr. O'Donnell to the Duke is perfect, yet other deeds and papers are requisite to substantiate his right to the property, and that of your father his elder brother, from whom it was so fraudulently alienated. Mr. Maunsel, as my law-agent, is come over here for the purpose of obtaining from you the papers he requires, for he is informed, that you are the only person likely to hold such documents; but all research after you, both on his part and on mine, have proved abortive until this day."

"Well, Madam," interrupted O'Donnell quickly, "I have to congratulate you and myself, that the lingering

Weakness of family pride, may be the means of securing you that property, which you so nobly employ. I have preserved with sanctity all that remains to me of the possessions of my ancestors. They are reduced to a few shrivelled parchments and mouldering papers; but they are sufficient to prove *your* right to the bequest of the Duke of Belmont, as substantiating the claims of my family, to that remnant of the property which was secured to them by law. When the Revolution was finally settled, trustees were appointed to inquire into the disposal of Irish forfeitures, and for that purpose a Court of Claims was opened. The decisions of that court were in many instances favourable to the Roman Catholics, and amongst others, to that branch of the O'Donnell family, of which I am lineally the representative. The attempts made by another and remote branch of the family to put aside

these claims proved abortive: and though, through the influence of the penal statutes, passed after the Revolution, my uncle found means to obtain the property of his elder brother, yet, till that period, it was unalienable; besides, I have several letters by me, which passed between my father and his uncle, the late Abbé O'Donnel (at that time in Spain), on the claims of these American O'Donnells, which were made about forty years back, and put aside in a court of equity. These letters alone would be sufficient to make good your Grace's rights."

"And where," said the Duchess, "are these valuable papers, which are to save me from comparative indigence, to be got at?"

"They are in a small iron box at my lodging," he replied. "It was lying on the table when——"

He paused in some emotion.

"Yes," said the Duchess, "I per-

ceived that box—I remarked it particularly.”

“ I brought it over for the purpose of carrying it with me to Germany.”

“ To Germany!” returned the Duchess, in an amazement that almost amounted to consternation—“ to Germany!”

“ I have again,” said O'Donnell, “ accepted, of necessity, a commission in the Austrian service; for,” he added, with a melancholy smile,

“ *I am sworn brother to grim Necessity,*”
and must obey his mandate.”

“ And how soon do you leave England?”

“ I cannot precisely say. I do not wish to leave it without Mc. Rory—but—” he paused and sighed.

“ And the papers you have offered me?” asked the Duchess.

“ Under all circumstances, shall be your's,” returned O'Donnell: “ they

shall be delivered to you early to-morrow morning."

"But Mr. Maunsel will, I am sure, think it necessary to see you, to examine, perhaps, these papers in your presence."

"I hope to be able to wait on him at any time after to-morrow," said O'Donnel.

"May I," said the Duchess, with great earnestness, "depend on this promise?"

"If I live," said O'Donnel, "I pledge myself to obey any command you may honour me with."

"And, to-morrow," said the Duchess, with anxiety—"to-morrow you leave town."

"I am obliged," said O'Donnel, "to accompany an old friend a short way into the country."

"You have friends in London, then?"

"I have a friend whom I accident-

ally met in a coffee-house, who served with me in the Irish brigade, and who is now happily married in this country."

"And you are accompanying him into the country?" repeated the Duchess. "Perhaps," she added, with hesitation, "on an affair of honour."

"As your Grace is ignorant of his name and person," returned O'Donnel, "and can make no use of the information, I may confess to you that it is."

"And his unfortunate wife!"

"Is ignorant of the whole transaction."

"Those pistols then that I saw on your table?" asked the Duchess.

"Are *his*," he replied. "He gave them to me to get them repaired."

"It is a melancholy alternative," said the Duchess.

"It is, however, generally speaking,

an unavoidable one," said O'Donnell, rising to depart.

"I will not press upon your time," she replied; "yet, if you *could* remain till Mr. Maunsel's return—" and there was a softness, a solicitation in her voice, which O'Donnell found it difficult to resist.

"I have some business to transact to-night," he replied, "which obliges me, of necessity, to decline your Grace's invitation."

"You are not then to be seduced?" she asked with a smile.

"*I hope* not," he replied in emotion, and averting his eyes.

"Nor even to be *commanded* now," she added pointedly, alluding to a circumstance, which O'Donnell but too well remembered.

"The result of my former obedience," he returned, in a hurried manner, "was not of a nature to—"

He paused abruptly, took his hat, and added :

“ I fear I detain your Grace from your guests;” and he moved towards the door—the Duchess followed him; and before she rung the bell, she held out her hand.

“ I would ask you,” she said, smiling, “ to *renew* your vow of allegiance, now that I am about *seriously* to call upon the services of my subject, but that I know of old, how lightly he holds *such* vows.”

O'Donnell took the offered hand, and held it for a minute in his, while his eyes wandered over her face and person, with an expression, as wild as it was passionate; then, suddenly dropping it, and without uttering a word, he departed.

The Duchess, under pretence of reading a letter, remained in the front drawing-room, and taking Mc. Rory's voluminous epistle from her writing-box

the following account of his misfortune met her eyes.

Colonel,

Sir, This comes to inform your Honour, according to promise, that I was safely lodged in the county jail, last Thursday evening, to my entire amazement; little expecting that same, not never should, *plaise God*, only in regard of Torney Costello, who hates the ground I walk upon, and would murder me fairly, so he would, only for defending your Honour's rights, Sir, which I will while a drop of blood runs in my veins; and why would'nt I? and so I'll just be after telling your Honour the whole transaction, just as truly as if I was book-sworn, before a registered magistrate; and if Torney Costello says to the contrary, the devil take the *liars*, I say; and that's all the harm I wish him, any how, bad as he is, the spalpeen!



So, your Honour, as I was saying, I got safe and well, God be praised, to Liverpool; and to be sure, it's a *wonderful country!* and neither *poverty* nor *pride* in it, Sir; not like our own poor island, long life to it—and every cabin along the road fit for a lord, surely, and noways ill *thatch'd*, Sir, and the *iligant* little slips of gardens before the doors; and *pace and plenty* within and without, and nobody caring whether it's to *mass or church* a body goes, as I hear tell from a young man on the top of the coach, only quite *agreeable through-other*, which is remarkable! Why, then, Sir, I wonder what it is makes the differ between the countries? for sure they say Ireland *bates* the world, in regard of *the soil*, to say nothing of the beautiful rivers, and every *convainience* in life, which there is, surely; and what is most particular, and mighty extraordinary, is that for all that, one half of the *inhabitants*

lives in London, that's the quality, and the *other half* is in America, or, like your Honour, fights in foreign parts; and *them* that is left at home, is neither content or satisfied, but quite the *contrary*; that is some of them, Sir. So as I am telling your Honour, Sir, we landed safe in Lough Foyle, and a great passage we had, surely; and I thought, Sir, I heard *Mc. Swine's Gun*,* before we were half ways, but I did'nt, only the *ropes* when I was asleep, Sir, and it being Sunday, I thought I'd get mass at our saint's place,† before I left the County Derry, and so I walk'd to *Chuainenagh*,‡ three miles from Derry Walls, and put up a sincere prayer for your Honour, and all your undertakings, Sir, and then I thought

* See note at the end of the volume.

† St. Columb-kill.

‡ This abbey was founded by St. Columb-kill. It is now a chapel.

I'd step across the country to our own place; and where should I light the first night, but at Brian Dogherty's, and a hearty kind welcome they gave me, God reward them, and ould Mary, the cratur! troth, Colonel, you'd think she'd ate me up alive with the joy, for sure, Sir, they turn'd her out intirely from the primices, as you shall hear, Sir, in due time; and she bid me tell your Honour she left the place *nate* and *clane* after her; and that the fine ancient ould gentlewoman, your aunt, *died a great christian*; and left her *curse* on Corney Kelly, her thieving nephew; and her elegant gold cross to Father Murphy, to bury her. And she desired him to let you know she was dead, Sir, and hopes you will put a *stone* at *her* head; aged seventy; she having no ability to do that same; and so, the next morning, I set off from Brian's before sun-rise, and reached the place, just on the *turn* of the evening,

and a poor wilderness of a place it look'd; and it was'nt with dry eyes I saw it again; God knows it was'nt, and the door lying open just in the *ould* way; so I turns into your Honour's own room; and who should I see writing before a fine turf fire, (the last sods ever we cut, Sir, in Muckish Bog,) but *Torney Costello*; and troth, the heart sunk fairly within me, when I saw him there; and I shew'd him my instructions, in your Honour's own hand, and tells him it's little I expected to find him there, any way (but mighty civilly); and that I'd just *trouble* him to quit the *primises* if he plased, his horse being saddled under the ould tree.

But I just wish your Honour had seen the face he had on him, when he turned round and saw me. He was as white as the paper he was writing on; and saized the poker, Sir, and asked *what call had I to him?* and that if I did'nt make off, he'd lodge me neck and heels

in the county jail: and that he had taken possession of the tiniment in right of his client, Cornelius Kelly, Esq. and that he would'nt *stir a foot* until *Cornelius* came home from fishing on the Lough; and with that he brandishes the poker in a most uncommon way; and so I just tells him, mighty civilly, that it was a folly to talk; that neither he nor Corney Kelly, Esq. had any call in life to the *primises*, only your Honour, who was the real and undoubted owner; and that as my master, Colonel O'Donnell, had sent me to get possession and sell the place, before he went to foreign parts, that I must *trouble him to quit*, or I must be after shewing him the way out, in a manner that might'nt be quite agreeable; upon which he bids me touch him if I dare, and that if I came within a yard of him; he'd swear the *pace* against me, and have me transported for an assault; and that your Honour was **no COLONEL,**

but a French crimp and a spy, and no gentleman. O! then, devil a much he said after that, any how; for I quietly lays down my bit of a twig, and, springing on the fellow, before he could bless himself, I wrings the poker out of his hand, and taking him up quietly in my arms, though he wriggled like an eel, Sir, and almost bit the ear off me, Colonel, before he knew where he was, I had laid him down quietly on the wrong side of the door, which I barr'd fast to, and throws him out his hat and his papers from the little window in the loft, wishing him safe home, and I hears him gallop off, Sir, quick enough, I'll engage; and then I shut up the house, and was going to lie down upon your Honour's bed, having washed the blood off my ear, when a great rapping comes to the door; and sure enough it was Corney Kelly, Esq. as he tould me himself, when I ax'd who he was; but I gave him a bit of advice not to lose

time, as the night was cowld, but to follow Torney Costello; and, troth, and I'll always say that for him, that he is mighty '*cute*' at a hint; for I saw him running as if the devil was at his *trakeens*,* that's through the little loft window, Sir, in the gable. And so making down a fire, I fell fast asleep, and dreamed I was hag-ridden, and that Mrs. Honor Kelly had a fast gripe of me; Christ preserve us! And sure enough, I was not much out, Sir, for when I waken'd, who should I see houlding me fast, but old Barney Mc. Guire, the constable, and two other young men, and Torney Costello at the foot of the bed, and Corney Kelly.— And sure they would'nt scarcely give me time to *put on*, but hurried me away to Torney Costello's office, and

* Metaphorically, heels—literally, *stockings* without feet, generally worn by the Irish peasantry.

swore examinations against me for an assault; for since we quit the country, your Honour, Costello is made a registered magistrate, and was chief evidence against me to himself: and then I was walked off to the county jail, and reached it the next evening. And you would'nt think, Colonel, that the little loft window was the cause of it all, bad luck to it, in respect of their getting in *through* it, which was what I never dreamed of, Sir; but an honest man is no match for them thieves of the world. And so, your Honour, here I am, a close prisoner, at this present writing, Sir, without one friend near me, good or bad, to see me righted, Colonel; only your Honour, who is far away; God help me! And sure, Sir, may'nt they hang me fairly, or transport me; troth they may, and nobody ever know a word about it, barring myself and themselves; for Torney Costello tould me in his office that I was a

mark'd man, Sir, and my sister and brother-in-law too; and that he had his eye on us long since, only waiting for a fair opportunity. *Them* is his own words, if I was dying, Colonel; and I trust in God and your Honour to relieve me, and not to let me *rot* in a jail, Sir, nor starve alive, which I'm likely to do, in regard of not having a *rap* to *erass* myself with, only the jail allowance, which is bread and water, Sir; by reason of my giving half what I had left of my travelling *expincis* to poor *Mary*, Sir, not waiting for the price of the place, to do that same, as your Honour bid me; and leaving the rest in my little bundle, with my silver gilt watch, at the cottage; for not a rag, Sir, they'd let me stop to take with me, nor to look for my bundle, only my hat; and sure *one* was no match against *five*, any how; and what could I do, Colonel? And so I'm to be tried and found

guilty at the next sizes, Sir, which comes on this day six weeks as I hear tell: and may be your Honour will be in Germany before that day, Sir, and why would'nt you! Sure I could'nt expect you'd stay back for the likes of me; God fo bid: and whatever comes of it, Colonel, I invite all the saints of Heaven to pray for you and bless you, Colonel, to the ind of time; and grant you a happy death, and a long life and prosperous. And whatever happens to me, dead or alive, the last prayer ever I'll utter, will be a blessing on your head, Sir, any how, for your great kindness to me and mine, who am,

Your Honour's
Humble and faithful Servant,
and most loving foster-brother,

PHAJDRIG

(alias)

PATRICK MC. RORY.

P. S.—I hope your Honour's goodness will excuse the great liberty in regard of Martha, the cratur! to tell her, Sir, that if she never sees me again, 'tis no fault of mine, only my misfortune:—but not to grieve her, Colonel, by telling her my mishap; for what use is there in it; and that I hope she'll keep the two gold pieces I gave her for my sake, and make what use she *plases* of them; and that I don't write to her for a raison I have, she not knowing how to read. And in respect to Bran, the baste! I hope your Honour will look to him yourself, and that the next boy you get, Sir, will take as good care of him as I did; and troth, and I'd share my last bit with him this moment, my poor animal. Which is all at present from, Colonel, your humble and loving servant,

P. M.

N. B.—I did'nt tell your Honour

that my sister, and James Mulloy, her husband, went for America the very week before I got here, in respect of great hardships; and they tell me it's a great place—and sure, Colonel, the *brackit hen* is there to this day, and roosts under the chimney of your Honour's room, in the thatch, Sir; and *ould* Mary says that the neighbours will never be persuaded, Sir, but she's *Mrs. Honor Kelly*,* in regard of flying in the face of Corney Kelly, the first day he put his foot in it; which *ould* Mary will take her book oath of—Och! but she's an uncommon bird!

P. S. I send this in two letters, Colonel, divided to save the *double* postage; not that your Honour would grudge it, Sir, only there's little use in throwing away money these hard times.

P. M.

* A belief in this sort of transmigration, is a common superstition in Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the following morning, at an early hour, the iron box, accompanied by a note to Mr. Maunsel, was delivered to the Duchess's porter; and her Grace was engaged with her uncle in examining the curious and ancient deeds, and other documents among the O'Donnel papers, when a servant came into the study, to inform her, that Lady Singleton was in her dressing-room, and requested to see her upon urgent business. This was a tiresome interruption, and the Duchess with great reluctance obeyed it.

Lady Singleton was walking up and down the room in some perturbation.

“ Well,” she said, “ my dear Lolotte, here is a fine business! You have no

idea how annoyed I am. I know I shall be brought into the scrape. Neither Lady Llanberis nor the Savill family will ever forgive me, for bringing forward this person. She is the least reasonable of all human beings, and the Savills are the *victims* of *prevention*: so that if this unfortunate man is *hanged*, for the murder of Lord Charles——”

“What man?” asked the Duchess, in great alarm.

“Why, this *unfortunate* Irish O'Donnell, whom I so *unluckily* presented at Longlands, merely to gratify Lady Llanberis's whim about *odd people*; for after all, one must keep well with persons of her influence, to get on at all, when one is not at the head of a great establishment. But if *I* am cited to appear on the trial, I shall certainly give the counsel a hint, which may—— Good Heavens, Duchess! what, what is the matter? Why, you are as pale

as death ! and there is a frightful blackness about your mouth and eyes.”

The Duchess faintly smiled, but sat motionless in her chair. Lady Singleton emptied a bottle of eau de luce on her face, and was about to ring the bell for assistance, when the Duchess recovering by the violent remedy applied to her senses, cried :

“ No, no, don't ring ; I am well, quite well, only a little surprized, go on. Let me hear.”

“ Then you have *not* heard of the duel between Lord Charles and Colonel O'Donnel.”

“ Duel !” repeated the Duchess :
“ Yes, and Lord Charles was *killed* !”

Lady Singleton now paused, and fixed her eyes with a look of penetrating curiosity on the Duchess's face : observing in a pointed manner,

“ Who would have thought that you would have had so much feeling for a nephew, who never owned you as a

relation; and who has more than once said to me, “*My dear Lady Singleton, that little gouvernante of your’s——*”

“Is Lord Charles Savill killed?” interrupted the Duchess, with great vehemence of manner.

“Well, you shall hear. I was just sitting down to breakfast, when Mr. Dexter (who, by the bye, is getting on amazingly with the N——’s) called in, and told me, with great horror at the whole transaction, that as he was calling at Belmont House, to leave his letter of introduction for the Duke, who is but just returned with poor dear Lord Charles from Scotland, he met the body of Lord Charles, carrying out of a coach, into the great hall at Belmont House; that he had a sight of the General and several surgeons, but that he could not get to speak to any of them; and only learnt from some of the attendants, that Lord Charles had fallen in a duel with an

Irish gentleman of the name of O'Donnell, who was taken into custody on the spot; which shews that there was some foul play, as Mr. Dexter says. So, luckily, my carriage was at the door, and I drove off to Belmont House—but no admittance *there*; and no positive account of the affair, nor any intelligence whatever, *save* that the surgeons were probing the wound, and that——”

“Then *he is not* killed?” exclaimed the Duchess, breathlessly.

“Well, who would have expected this sensibility from you?” asked Lady Singleton, “whom *I* always thought——”

“Pray go on,” interrupted the Duchess, faintly.

“Well, *I then* drove to poor dear Lady Llanberis's; who, after all, if Lord Charles dies, will be the person to be pitied, for their marriage was a settled thing; but *she* had just gone with Lady

Mary to Belmont House. I saw her own woman, who told me she was grieved and afflicted *à l'outrance*, and was quite wild. She had also, I learnt, sent for *me*, in the first instance ; but whether to *reproach*, or *condole* with me (for she hates to be alone, when she has a *grand crise d'emotion*), I cannot guess. However, I left a line for her, to say I would not go home till I had seen her ; and that I would not leave the Square, but remain with you till she returned."

The Duchess now, in a composed tone, inquired if Colonel O'Donnell was in custody, with whom, and where. But before Lady Singleton could answer, the door opened, and a servant announced the Countess Llanberis : and her Ladyship, rushing into the room, fell into a chair, and burst into a violent fit of tears.

Lady Singleton hastened to her friend's assistance, prodigal of all the *eaux*, *essences*, and *esprits* on the Du-

ness's toilette; and still more prodigal of consolations and regrets, invectives and dictations. But Lady Llanberis, suddenly recovering, exclaimed:

“ If any thing should really happen to Lord Charles, I must say that you, Lady Singleton——”

“ Then he is not even in imminent danger ?” asked the Duchess, tremulously.

“ Not, I believe, in such imminent danger, as was at first supposed; but I have left word at my house, for General Savill to follow me here, who promised to come in half an hour, and tell me every thing.”

“ And Colonel O'Donnel ?” said the Duchess.

“ O ! he, the wretch ! he is safe enough, I dare say. He is gone off : at least no one knows any thing about him. He'll take care of himself.”

The Duchess leaned her face over the

back of her chair, from which she had risen ; and Lady Llanberis continued with great vehemence of manner and gesture :

“ If any thing should happen to poor dear Lord Charles, I shall certainly look upon you, Lady Singleton, as the cause.—I shall indeed.”

“ Upon me ! Lady Llanberis ? ” returned Lady Singleton, colouring.

“ Yes, certainly, upon you, Lady Singleton : with your tales of wonder about kidnapped chiefs, and the Castle of Dublin, and his fighting a whole German legion, and all that nonsense, at which poor dear unfortunate Lord Charles used to laugh, till he was ready to die. He said from the beginning that O'Donnell was some adventurer, with his air of ‘ *hero d'opera* ; ’ but you would have him from Ireland ; he was then, you know, quite your *engouement outré* . ”

“ Your *engouement outré*, your La-

dyship means," returned Lady Singleton, struggling between temper and policy. "You would not let me speak of any other subject, after I first, by chance, mentioned him to amuse you, because you are so partial to out-of-the-way people, of odd and extraordinary adventures: and as to O'Donnel's, I only mentioned them to you as I heard them myself."

"O! yes; MENTIONED, Lady Singleton; but you must know the man was no more the thing *you described*, at least that *I expected*. He was, I think, pretty much like other persons, but not the very least amusing, if you mean that; indeed quite the contrary: and if he even was, as no one knew the least in the world about him, one did not quite desire to see him *niché* in one's family in the manner that he was. However, as you invited him over, you know, Lady Singleton, one was obliged to abide by it, not expect-

ing that he was to *cut every body's throat* in the end, who did not do him homage, as Lady Mary says."

"I invite him over! Lady Llanberis," repeated Lady Singleton, in a tone of great vexation: "I invite Colonel O'Donnell! Was it not by your own particular and earnest desire? Had I not *three* expresses of a day on the subject? had I not too——"

"O! yes, expresses; but that happens to be nothing to the purpose, my dear Lady Singleton: just nothing at all; for it was *then*, you know, a question about those French plays. You, yourself, you must remember, cast him the part of *Orosmane*; you really cannot deny that, I hope; and as you were at that time mistress of the *menus-plaisirs* at Longlands, you managed every thing your own way."

"*Menus-plaisirs!*" repeated Lady Singleton, struggling with her temper. "I am sure I wish from my soul I

never had interfered at all, for this is generally the way one is served in the end by your great ladies."

"Well, Lady Singleton, I wish you *never* had interfered, with all my soul: we should then have known nothing of this *Irish duelist*, and poor Lord Charles!"

Here the contest was broken up by the entrance of a servant, who informed Lady Llanberis, that General Savill was in the drawing-room, and had called by her order.

"Oh!" said Lady Llanberis, "shew him up, by all means. I suppose, Duchess, you will give me leave."

"Certainly," said the Duchess, and flew out of the room, to receive him herself. He was answering some question she had asked, when they entered the room together.

"Oh! my dear General," exclaimed Lady Llanberis, bursting into tears, as she gave him her hand; "this is an hor-

rid business—good Heavens! was there ever any thing so unfortunate. Pray tell me every thing.—Lady Mary communicated to me the contents of your note, but that was written two hours back.—I sent to three surgeons and a physician myself—did they arrive in time? How is Lord Charles? Why would not the Duke see me? Is that blood-thirsty Irishman in custody?—Pray, General, tell me every thing: I have a right to inquire. The husband of my late dearest friend—the woman on earth I loved best: I speak not of my own personal regard for Lord Charles; of the great friendship that subsists between us, if——”

Here the violence of her Ladyship's tears, and a slight tendency to hysteric affection, interrupted her words, and gave the General, after a little pause, an opportunity of answering *some* of her questions.

“Colonel O'Donnel,” he said, “is

not in custody, nor is Lord Charles in the *imminent* danger your Ladyship supposes; neither is the Colonel, I assure you, a blood-thirsty Irishman. His conduct throughout the whole transaction has been fair, cool, and honourable. Upon the whole," he added, "report has exaggerated and distorted the facts most amazingly."

"Well, then," said Lady Llanberis, suddenly drying her tears, and resuming her air of composure, "since, General, our dear friend is out of ALL danger, and one may hope the best, I beg you will relate the whole affair, from beginning to end: now pray be circumstantial. When nothing very serious comes of a duel, it is a very interesting thing, and nobody can *raconter* better than you, General, when you please."

"Yes," said Lady Singleton, "I should like to know, if what I heard was strictly true about Lord Charles's jealousy."

“ Pray, General,” said the Duchess, earnestly, who had hitherto preserved a profound silence, “ pray go on.”

“ The cause, then, of this unlucky affair,” returned the General, “ was a lady’s *giddiness*.”

“ Indeed !” said Lady Llanberis, drawing her chair closer to the fire, and looking at Lady Singleton. “ He certainly *ought* not, I mean this O’Donnel, to have been thrown at the heads of people in the manner he has been, without any one’s knowing who, or what he was. A lady’s *giddiness*, General ! go on—you see, Lady Singleton.”

“ Yes,” said the General. “ Lord Charles had not conceived a very favourable impression of Colonel O’Donnel ; from what cause, it would be now useless to inquire ; and with more candour than prudence, he gave his opinion of Colonel O’Donnel, in a letter to a lady, who put this very letter into the Colonel’s own hands.”

“ Indeed !” said Lady Singleton, throwing her eyes on Lady Llanberis : “ thank Heaven, it was not me. I never was *tracasserie* ; among all my faults, I have always kept clear of *that*.”

“ It was no *tracasserie*,” said the General ; “ it was pure *mistake* on all sides. You, Lady Singleton, sent a commission to Colonel O'Donnel, in a letter to Lady Llanberis. Lady Llanberis put a part of Lord Charles's letter into your envelope, and gave it by *mistake for your's* to Colonel O'Donnel, who very naturally read it under the same erroneous impression.”

“ Who, *I* did this !” exclaimed Lady Lanberis, in amazement, but still not displeased. “ How very odd—it may be, though, as you say, General, for I never since thought of the letter, the commission, Colonel O'Donnel, or even poor Lord Charles's opinion of him ; which, however, I *now* remember was pretty

severe ; for I think he said he was a swindler, or something very like it. Do you know this is quite a sort of a dramatic incident, and altogether not unentertaining ; yet, if any thing *melancholy* really comes of it, I shall always lay it down to the account of your *tiresome Irish horses*, Lady Singleton."

" I think you had better lay it to the account of your Ladyship's usual *inconsequence* about letters," replied Lady Singleton, " which I have so often cautioned you against."

" Pray, General, proceed," said the Duchess, with great earnestness.

" The Colonel's conduct upon this occasion," continued the General, " was such as might be expected from a man of feeling and spirit."

" Poor man !" interrupted Lady Llanberis.

" He called upon Lord Charles, by letter, to retract his words, or assign the facts upon which his opinion had been

founded. Lord Charles refused both; and Colonel O'Donnel, not perfectly recovered from a severe fit of illness, followed his Lordship to Edinburgh. When he arrived there, Lord Charles had proceeded towards the Highlands with his agent, to take possession of the estates left him by his late uncle. Colonel O'Donnel, having obtained his address, followed him. During the whole of his journey to the North, he had struggled against the return of a disease, which was preying on him when he left London; and within two stages of Lord Charles's residence, in a wretched mountain village, he was seized with so violent a fever, that his senses deserted him, and his life was despaired of by the hosts of the little inn where he had stopped. In this situation he was found by a Scotch clergyman, travelling through the village, who sent to the nearest town, whence a physician could be procured. After three weeks confine-

ment; youth, and a good constitution, prevailed over the disease, and Colonel O'Donnell was enabled to proceed on his route. This I had from himself. He is indeed much changed."

"Poor man! Poor man!" exclaimed Lady Llanberis with a deep sigh: "he has been altogether very ill used."

"On arriving at —— Castle," continued the General, "he found that Lord Charles had left it a week before, for England; and in the latter end of the ensuing week, he arrived himself in London, and an old brother officer, a Major Mac Carthy, delivered his cartel to Lord Charles Savill. Lord Charles did not conceive himself called upon to meet a person, whom he did not know to be a gentleman, and I, as his Lordship's friend, was deputed to see Colonel O'Donnell at the coffee-house, where he had given his address, to explain to him Lord Charles's scruples; well aware that the Colonel had it in his power to an-

swer and remove them. In the first instance he was rigidly unbending. He refused all proofs, all testimonies of his being by birth, what, in my opinion, he evidently is by education, by conduct, and manners—a *gentleman*. At last, his friend, who was present at our interview, uniting his solicitations to mine, he reluctantly gave up a letter, written in his favour from the Emperor of Germany to the Queen of France, mentioning him as an accomplished Irish gentleman, of illustrious descent; who had left his country from the circumstances of religious disqualification, and who was kinsman to the late Field-Marshal O'Donnel, to whose military exploits Austria stood so highly indebted. The Imperial Seal was attached to this letter, and that of course was sufficient. This morning the meeting took place; of the unfortunate consequences you are aware. It is but fair, however, to mention that Colonel O'Donnel's conduct

was equally distinguished by spirit and sensibility. A man of firmer nerves in a similar situation I never saw; but when Lord Charles fell, that firmness deserted him. He flew in great agitation to his assistance—he supported him in his arms, while we were preparing the means of conveying him to town; and though he said but little (for his emotion was deep and silent) yet that little was at once feeling and manly.”

“He is an amazing fine creature,” said Lady Llanberis, wiping away her fast falling tears. “He is, indeed, quite an hero! If any thing happens to him in consequence of this unfortunate affair, I shall never forgive myself, and my *in-consequence*. But nothing can happen, nothing will; and I trust, before long, I shall have him and Lord Charles together, once more at my house; for there is no reason in the world why they should not become great friends in future. So that upon the whole, my shew-

ing the letter by mistake, was not so unlucky a thing as at first one thought."

"Nor my *tiresome Irish horses* so much to blame," said Lady Singleton, with point; "and I think after all, Lady Llanberis, this adventurer, with his air *d'Hero d'opera*, is the true Orosmane."

The General now arose, and the two ladies first remembered that the Duchess had hurried out of the room on a servant's putting a note into her hands, and had not returned. Lady Singleton shook her head, and looked full of meaning. Lady Llanberis fixed her eyes upon her, and asked: "What is the matter, Lady Singleton?"

"Merely some odd ideas that have come into my head," returned Lady Singleton, smiling.

"Dismiss your carriage, then, and come home with me in mine," said Lady Llanberis.

Lady Singleton consented, and the General handing them to the carriage, they took leave and departed.

The note put into the Duchess's hands ran as follows :

“ Colonel O'Donnel presents his compliments to the Duchess of Belmont. Being permitted to return to town this day, an event on which he could not depend, when he had the honour of seeing her Grace last night, he begs to suggest the necessity of his immediate interview with Mr. Maunsel, as circumstances may render Colonel O'Donnel less master of his own time, than he is at this moment. Colonel O'Donnel is now at the *** Coffee-house, Mary-le-bone, and will remain there until four o'clock to receive Mr. Maunsel's commands.”

Wednesday, Two o'clock.

*** Coffee-house.

In consequence of this note, Mr. Maunsel waited upon O'Donnel within an hour after its receipt; and without referring to the event of the morning, entered at once, as a man of business, upon the affair which brought them together. To many questions relating to the O'Donnel property, and the deeds, in examining which he had passed the morning, he received full and explicit answers he declared, however, that the presence of O'Donnel would be indispensably necessary, as an important evidence, not only to attest some facts on oath, of which he was master, but to swear to the handwriting of his grand-uncle, the Abbé O'Donnel, and to his own father's.

“The assizes,” said Mr. Maunsel, “open in the town of ***, where the cause will have its trial early in the ensuing month. I leave London for Ireland to-morrow. My wife remains

with the Duchess till I come back for her, some time hence; and her seat in my chaise is at your service. I have a place within twenty miles of the town of ——, and I hope, for the sake of the accommodation, as well as for the pleasure which your society will confer on me, that you will have the goodness to remain my visitor as long as you stay in Ireland. Perhaps too," he added, "Colonel O'Donnel, it may be no faint inducement to you to accompany me back to Ireland, that you can be on the spot yourself, to assist me in releasing the worthy Mc. Rory, (whose letter has interested me for his own sake, poor fellow) and in punishing the delinquency of Mr. Costello; and if you still persist in disposing of your romantic little domain among the mountains of Lough Swilly, I shall be glad to become a purchaser; for I have accidentally seen it since you left the

country, and, in common with Corney Kelly, Esq. have cast on it a longing eye for a fishing lodge."

To all this O'Donnel slightly inclined his head, and when Mr. Maunsel had ceased to speak, after a pause of some minutes passed in deep rumination, he abruptly said :

" Well, Sir, if my presence in Ireland can in any way forward the interests of the Duchess of Belmont, I will attend you : name your time."

" To-morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, I propose starting."

" Then I shall be here ready to accompany you," said O'Donnel.

" Have you a servant with you ?" said Mr. Maunsel.

" No," said O'Donnel, slightly colouring : " I have only a very favourite and faithful dog, who will follow the chaise."

" O ! *Bran*, I suppose," said Mr. Maunsel, smiling.

“ How did you know his name ? ” asked O'Donnel, eagerly.

“ By Mc. Rory's tender recollection of him,” replied Mr. Maunsel.

O'Donnel sighed, and having expressed himself obliged by Mr. Maunsel's hospitable invitation, accepted of it, during his stay in Ireland, and thanked him for his intended interference in the case of Mc. Rory. He promised to be ready at the appointed hour, and Mr. Maunsel took his leave.

He had not been gone many minutes, and O'Donnel was still walking up and down the room in great perturbation of mind and spirits, and occasionally throwing his eyes over a newspaper, which he held in his hand, when his friend, Major Mac Carthy, was announced. He had, at O'Donnel's request, been at Belmont House, to learn how things were going on, and now brought the welcome tidings

to O'Donnell that the ball had been extracted without much danger or difficulty; that he had seen General Savill, who gave the most favourable accounts of the patient, and had made many handsome observations on O'Donnell's conduct.

“ So far so well !” said O'Donnell ; then, after a short pause, he drew a diamond ring from his finger, and with an air of affected carelessness, he asked:—“ Mac Carthy, do you remember this ring ?”

“ Yes, I think so ; it is the ring given you by the Queen of France, that made such a coxcomb of you at the siege of ***.”

“ The same,” said O'Donnell. “ What do you think it is worth ? Observe, I don't mean in the eyes of an officer of the *French brigades*, who has an almost religious devotion to the Royal Family of France, but *intrinsically*.”

Major Mac Carthy took the ring, and replied :

“ Faith, O'Donnell, I am not a judge of these things ; but I should suppose it worth eighty or a hundred pounds. I would be glad to give double the sum, for the sake of the relic. I saw her who bestowed it,” he added, with emotion, “ *when she first rose above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy.*”

“ And little,” said O'Donnell, catching the enthusiasm, “ *did we then dream that we should have lived to have seen such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers.*”*

“ Give me the ring,” he cried, snatch-

* Burke.

ing it eagerly: "I cannot part with it, though I perish with want."

Major Mac Carthy seized his hand.

"Part with it, O'Donnel! Perish for want! you! Great God! Have you then no recollection of the ties which mutual misfortune once bound round us? Have we not fought together amidst hundreds of our exiled countrymen, mourning the wounds which bled—not in defence of our own dear land? Have we not escaped together from anarchy and carnage, and been exposed alike to the same vicissitudes, to which religious and political disqualifications at home, and revolutionary horrors abroad, subjected us? and yet, has your false pride concealed your wants from a friend whom fortune has now placed beyond the reach of adversity. Fie, fie upon it, *mon Colonel*. Must a man be a *General* to be permitted to oblige you? Will you not stoop to receive a kindness from your poor

old major, who often stood *cap in hand* to receive your orders before your tent?"

"My dear Mac Carthy," said O'Donnel, shaking his hand, and in an emotion which he endeavoured to conceal by an air of pleasantry—"the fact is, I have in the course of my short life tasted of almost every ill but two, and of those I am determined to keep clear till the last—*debt* and *dependence*; and I will not now borrow money even from you; therefore, have I concealed from you my real situation, which, after all, is but that of hundreds of my countrymen all over Europe: the *esquisse* of the story is simply this:—I was, as I mentioned to you, on the point of joining my cousin O'Donnel's regiment in Germany, when this business with Lord Charles Savill took me into Scotland; and the long journey, the long time that elapsed, and two severe fits of illness which required

medical assistance, so exhausted the little funds which I had intended for my journey to the continent, that, on my arrival last week in town, I was master of but three guineas in the world: two of these I paid in advance to the wretched master of a wretched hovel, where I have hid my head at night; and the other guinea has kept me in coffee and biscuits at this house. The moderate resources I expected from Ireland are still delayed by the imprisonment of my servant and foster brother, who went over to receive them; and I was now reduced to the necessity of parting with this ring, which, through all my difficulties, I had still preserved, when it struck me that perhaps you would lend me *on it* a small sum sufficient to——”

“Come along, my dear Colonel,” said Mac Carthy, taking him by the arm: “come with me to Coutts’s: I

will lend you two, three, four hundred pounds on your ring."

"No," said O'Donnel, smiling, "I will borrow on it but half its own intrinsic value, whatever that may be."

Major Mac Carthy endeavoured to expostulate, but O'Donnel was inexorable, and Mac Carthy was obliged to submit with a sulky reluctance, strongly contrasted to the former animation of his naturally animated manner. O'Donnel gave him the ring until in happier times he could release it, and received in return fifty pounds. He informed his generous friend of his being obliged to set off for Ireland on the following day, on a subpoena to attend a trial, and also in the hope of releasing his faithful Irish servant, and recovering his little property out of the hands of a swindler.

As O'Donnel had refused to dine at Major Mac Carthy's house for many

reasons, the friends then parted in mutual emotion; for their accidental meeting had revived many faded ideas, and awakened many endearing associations, which time, absence, and vicissitude, had lulled into forgetfulness.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following morning, Mr. Maunsel's carriage was at the *** coffee-house to the moment of the appointment, and drove up as O'Donnel, followed by Bran, and Lawrence Cologan, carrying his portmanteau, approached the door. O'Donnel had been a little after day-light at Lord Charles Savill's house, to inform himself of his state. Lord Charles had passed a good night, and was doing as well as possible. When the two gentlemen were seated in the chaise, the conversation turned on the duel of the preceding day, which was now an open subject of discussion, having found its way into the papers of the preceding evening; but that subject exhausted, no other was

started. O'Donnel, during the rest of that day's journey, was sunk into profound reverie; he sighed frequently, and when addressed by his companion, started, like a man suddenly awakened from a disagreeable dream. Mr. Maunsel, therefore, forbore to disturb his moody meditations after the second stage, and amused himself with a book he had luckily put into the pocket of the chaise.

During the second day's journey, Mr. Maunsel, without any apparent effort to draw his companion from his melancholy musings, talked *to* him rather than *with* him, and imperceptibly won upon his attention, and dissipated his reserve, till monosyllables swelled into sentences, and mere rejoinders flowed into dialogue.

O'Donnel, whose thoughts were full of "busy matter" when he had first met Mr. Maunsel, saw only in

the Irish lawyer a zealous bustling man of business; he now, however, upon a more intimate acquaintance, discerned in him a rare combination of shrewd acuteness of mind, and humorous simplicity of manners, which finely reflected on each other, borrowing and lending effect. Very fluent and a little quaint, he made his points tell in conversation, as much by the originality of the phrase, as the strength of the idea. Evidently more indebted to native sagacity than to foreign acquirement, always humorous, sometimes witty, he exhibited an intimate knowledge of the folly and errors of human nature, rather than an acquaintance with its turpitude and its vices; and illustrating his experience with more playfulness than gravity, he sketched by a trait, and painted by a word, what a paragraph might have failed to delineate, or a page to describe. More

courteous than polished, more cordial than refined, his manners were yet as easy and as unconstrained as his conception was quick and apprehensive. A rich and unaffected *brogue* seemed so peculiarly to belong to his style of character, that the man and his accent appeared made for each other. O'Donnel, as they grew more intimate, became more interested and pleased with the conversation and society of the Irish barrister, a character which individually holds so high a consideration in the best society of the country, and which, taken as a body, is universally supposed to concentrate much of the talent, the knowledge, and the probity of the nation.

As the travellers, mutually satisfied with each other, were crossing the Welsh mountains, O'Donnel, after a pause, which had accidentally occurred in conversation, drew a newspaper

from his pocket, and was reading some paragraph with great attention, when Mr. Maunsel asked him if there was any news.

“It is an old paper,” he replied: “a fortnight old, I believe. I have been looking over a passage that concerns the Duchess of Belmont.”

This was the first time her name had been mentioned since their journey. Mr. Maunsel took the paper, and read as follows:

“If we are to draw any inference from the frequency of an Earl’s carriage, with an S under the coronet, being before the door of a certain Dowager Duchess, in Square, we should suspect a matrimonial alliance to be carrying on in that quarter; for *maugre* the well known gallantry of the gentleman, the correctness of the lady’s conduct is so well determined as to have raised her to the rank she now fills.”

“O, yes, I have seen that nonsense before,” said Mr. Maunsel.

“There is, I suppose, some foundation for the report,” said O'Donnel, with hesitation.

“Nay,” said Mr. Maunsel, smiling: “I am not permitted to reveal the secrets of the Prison House.”

“I beg your pardon,” said O'Donnel, hastily; and the conversation was never after renewed.

The travellers remained but one day in Dublin, at Mr. Maunsel's house, and then set off for the north.

“The agencies of two large estates, which I possess in Leitrim and Donegal,” said Mr. Maunsel, as they proceeded on their second day's journey, “have induced me to purchase a small, but improveable place, at no great distance from either; rather than adopt the taste which generally prevails among the inhabitants of Dublin of all descriptions, of taking a villa in the

neighbourhood of *Ballybough*, or a lodge in the vicinity of *Booterstown*, within view of their own town-house chimnies. Every inhabitant of our metropolis, no matter of what rank or circumstances, must have 'a little place in the country' to 'breathe the fresh air,' and 'be convenient to the salt water for the children.' The remoteness of my retreat is an immense annoyance to poor Mrs. Maunsel, who had set her heart upon 'Ruby Lodge,' or Elm Forest, or Rock Villa; and cannot bear the sound of *Ballynaclush*, the original name for the town-lands I have purchased. Now *Ballynaclush* is a respectable farm, with a comfortable house on it; and Ruby Lodge is a little *red brick edifice* on the Black Rock road, Elm Forest, half an acre of new plantation, and Rock Villa, a cottage on the sandy beach of Clontarf, confounded among jingles, bathing-boxes, and jaunting cars."

On the morning of the third day, the travellers reached Ballynaclush ; and O'Donnel stopping only one night to rest, set off the following morning on an hired horse, to work the liberation of Mc. Rory. Mr. Maunsel had in vain attempted to detain O'Donnel, by alleging that his presence was unnecessary, and that his own interference by letter would answer every purpose: but feelings would not pause to listen to reason. Having procured, therefore, letters to the chief magistrate, and the jailor of the place, from Mr. Maunsel, stating the circumstances, and offering himself, in conjunction with Colonel O'Donnel, as bail for Mc. Rory's appearance at the approaching Term, O'Donnel departed on this little pilgrimage of affection, gratitude, and justice.

It was night when he reached the town of ***, and consequently too late to transact any business; but there

was yet time, by the indulgence of the jailor, to whom he presented Mr. Maunsel's letter, to visit Mc. Rory. O'Donnel followed a hatchman to the little prison-room, where Mc. Rory was confined. He was alone, and lying in his clothes on a straw-mattrass. At the sudden glare of light, which flashed from the hatchman's lantern, he covered his dazzled eyes with his hands.

“ Mc. Rory ! ” said O'Donnel, in a tremulous voice.

Mc. Rory started up, clasped his hands earnestly, and throwing round a wild look, exclaimed :

“ Jusus preserve me ! Did'nt I hear the master's voice ? ”

O'Donnel came forward, and Mc. Rory, with a shout of joy, fell at his feet.

O'Donnel was much moved, for Mc. Rory was greatly altered, and looked worn and haggard : yet he endeavoured to sooth and raise him ; and

informed 'him that he had come for the purpose of releasing, and affording him all the atonement in his power, for the suffering and injustice he had undergone on his account. Mc. Rory looked, and listened to him with evident incredulity, as if he doubted his own senses. But O'Donnel repeated his assurances, shook him by the hand, and made some observations on his altered appearance; adding, that change of air would soon restore him to health and spirits. The tears stood in Mc. Rory's eyes; and after a pause, he said:

“ Troth, and your Honour looks far from well yourself, and mighty thin! Well, I cannot believe my own eyes—to see you here, Colonel, after all. Did'nt I think, Sir, that you were gone to Germany, forgetting me intirely, or thinking me dead, in respect of never getting the letter I wrote to you; and that Torney Costello and Cornelius Kelly was carrying the world before them;

and would hang me fairly, or transport me, in regard of having nobody to *back* me, Colonel. Well, the Lord be praised for his goodness to me, a sinner, in sending you to my relief, Sir: for I am ready to go now, Sir, you see, at a minute's warning:" and he advanced eagerly to the door. But O'Donnell with great regret informed him, that from the lateness of the hour, he could not have him liberated till the next morning; but that he would send him a good supper from the inn, to cheer him in the interim. Having informed him of the cause of his letter not having been answered, until a day or two before he left England to come to his relief (which answer was then lying at the post-office), he took his leave, and left the overjoyed Mc. Rory to procure him some sustenance, of which, from his wan and emaciated looks, he evidently stood in great need.

The statement made by Mr. Maunsel in his letters, and the bail of Colonel O'Donnel, were sufficient to procure Mc.Rory's liberation; and O'Donnel, according to a promise extorted from him by Mr. Maunsel, to return with all possible expedition to Ballynaclush, left the town of ——— next morning, accompanied by Mc.Rory, on another hired horse. No trace of his misfortunes now remained on Mc. Rory's mind; his looks alone bore testimony of the privations and confinement he had endured, but his spirits were in a state of intoxication, from the sudden transition he had experienced, from despair to *his* best idea of felicity. Though he had little more than the history of his own sensations to give, he contrived to find subjects for his garrulity during the whole way.

Towards evening, as they beheld the setting sun reddening the Bay of Donegal, and approached the romantically

situated little town which gives its name to the country, Mc. Rory, riding up to his master, asked, in a voice of some emotion:—"Do you know where your Honour is now?"

O'Donnell sighed, and made no answer. He was returning by another road than that he had taken in going; and he now, for the first time, beheld the ancient castle of his ancestors, still noble in decay; and attesting its former greatness even in its ruins.

"Why then I'll tell your Honour," continued Mc. Rory: "You are in the Barony of *Tyr-Hugh*; which was called after your great ancestor, Hugh O'Donnell the Red;* and there is the fine ancient ould Abbey, Sir, and the cloisters *to the fore*, still, you see; which was founded, Sir, by *Odo-Roe* O'Donnell, a great saint in the family†;

* *Tyr-Hugh*—the *Land* of Hugh.

† Founded in 1474.

and just right *forment* you, Sir, is the great old castle,* and a beautiful fine edifice it is; and there is the hall, Sir, standing to this day.—Och! my blessing on it; for it's there the real hospitality was, in the ould times. And sure they say, Sir, the castle is standing six hundred years and more.”

“ You are a great antiquarian, I perceive, Mc. Rory,” said O'Donnel, with a faint smile; while his eyes still rested on objects, which, to his feelings at least, were at once so melancholy and so interesting.

“ O, I am, Sir, and so was my mother before me. Not a thing ever happened in the family, from the beginning to the end of time, but she knew.

* This beautiful ruin is situated in a fine view of Donegal Bay. The castle was first built in the twelfth century. It was the strong-hold of the O'Donnels, during the Tirowen wars in Elizabeth's day; and what remains of the original building is in good preservation.

She had fine *Shanaos*,* God rest her; and I *mind* me now that when we first came over together from County Leitrim, to see your Honour, when you first returned from foreign parts, we passed a day intirely in this town, among the ruins. She shewed me a room, Sir, in the castle, that if all the sands in the bay was heaped in it at night, would be swept *clane* by morning: and great rustling of silks heard; for they say, a Lady *Fionguala* O'Donnel haunts that room to this day. And there is the spot on the side of the Bay, where O'Donnel the Red jumpt off from on board that thieving Spanish ship, which was *no* Spanish ship at all, Sir. 'And Phaidrig,' says

* *Shanaos*, a sort of genealogical gossip, derived from the word *Seanacha*, the genealogist or historian, an hereditary office in all great Irish families. They recorded in a kind of poetical stanza; and resembled, in some respects, the French and English heralds of the midle ages.

my mother, ' I would'nt wonder if *Master Rody's* heart would swell too big for his breast, when he looks on this place ;' for she called you *Master Rody*, Colonel, to the day of her death ; troth she did, loving you all as one as myself, who was the only child ever she had, barring my sister ; and good right she had to love you, God bless you, Sir, for the great kindness you shewed her all the days of her life ; and often she said so, God rest her ; for it's little ways my poor earnings went in supporting ould father and herself, only for your Honour's bounty to them : for the best of foster children you were, Sir ; and a great fosterage it would have been for us, if your Honour had been the great Earl of Tirconnel, who lived in the ould times. But if my earnings was small in the ould Abbé's sarvice, sure my work was light, till I went into th' army

with you, Colonel. But they're all dead now, God rest their souls, and send them a happy judgment. Amen."

The day after O'Donnel's arrival at Mr. Maunsel's, a letter was received, in answer to one which Mr. Maunsel had written, on his arrival in Ireland, to Mr. Costello. It ran as follows.

To E. Maunsel, Esq. Ballynaclush.

Sir,

I hasten to reply to your letter of the third ultimo, the contents of which surprised and mortified me not a little; as I find by it that I have been egregiously imposed upon by Mr. Cornelius Kelly, with respect to the place I undertook to recover for him. His statements on this subject were such as will justify me in your opinion, when I shall have the honour to meet

you personally, and detail to you the whole business. Kelly has within these few days absconded in my debt to some amount. The cottage, therefore, and the little premises belonging to it, are at Colonel O'Donnell's disposal; for I wash my hands of the whole business, and am sorry I ever interfered in so paltry a concern.

As to Patrick Mc. Rorý, he certainly behaved to me in a most improper and disrespectful way; but as you, Mr. Maunsel, have taken up the business, I will not proceed further against him, but shall give up the prosecution, as you seem to think he has been hardly dealt with. This, however, I assure you is not the case; but I perceive your goodness has been much imposed on by an *ex parte* statement.

It is reported here that you are to be returned by Lord —— for the borough of ——; if so, I beg leave to

offer my congratulations and my services, which must always be at your command ; as is,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

TERENCE COSTELLO.

P. S. There is a watch and some other articles of Patrick Mc. Rory's at my house, safe and ready for him, whenever he claims them. I am a little surprised at Colonel O'Donnell's return to this country, as I understood he was gone back to France. I take the liberty of enclosing him a little bill for repairs done at the cottage, which is much more comfortable than when he left it.

“ I have not, however, done with you yet, Mr. Terence Costello,” said Mr. Maunsel, after he had read the letter to O'Donnell ; “ nor shall we defray this bill, Colonel, until we see

what repairs have been made. I say *we*, because I now conceive myself a party concerned in this mountain hermitage of your's."

The conversation now turned on the scenic beauties of the Abbé O'Donnel's retreat; when, from something which Mr. Maunsel accidentally let fall, O'Donnel had reason to suppose, that he was the person commissioned by his niece to deliver him the mysterious gift, which had so long set conjecture at defiance. Mr. Maunsel perceived the mistake he had committed; but O'Donnel, observing his confusion, affected not to have noticed the tendency of his remark.

A bargain between two honest men is soon struck. O'Donnel asked what he thought the value of his little territory, and Mr. Maunsel willingly gave it. The new proprietor immediately dispatched his servant with orders to have the cottage fitted up as a sport-

ing lodge, and prepared for his reception; and O'Donnel promised, that when the trial was concluded, he would accompany him thither on his way to Derry. From this port they both meant to sail; Mr. Maunsel in a Liverpool packet, and O'Donnel in an Hamburgh vessel, which he had by accident learnt, had put into Derry, and was to return to its own port in about three weeks. O'Donnel wrote to the captain of the vessel to secure his passage, and then gave himself wholly up to examining the papers, with which he had furnished Mr. Maunsel, and in making such notes as might be of service in conducting the trial.

In the mean time he had the pleasure of learning from Major Mac Carthy, that Lord Charles was rapidly recovering from his wound; and on the morning previous to the opening of the assizes, the two gentlemen, after ten days residence at Mr. Maunsel's

house, adjourned to the county town, where Mr. M. had much business to transact. The cause pending between a branch of the family of the O'Donnells, and the relict of the late Duke of Belmont, for a property of such considerable value, had excited much interest and curiosity in the country. The former great possessions of the O'Donnells in Ulster were known both by tradition and history; but the person who now sought to establish his claim was descended from a very remote and younger branch. He was by birth an American, a man advanced in years, who had been instigated to engage in this suit by an Irish attorney, who had urged him to this step, more from his own interests than those of his client. When, therefore, Colonel O'Donnell appeared in the sessions house of ———, to substantiate the claims of an English holder to an Irish property, by proving the right of his

own forefathers ; when all the circumstances were detailed by which his uncle had obtained the power of alienating the family inheritance ; and when in the end it became generally understood, that the noble and distinguished looking person, who stood forward from a sense of equity as principal evidence, in spite of every national and hereditary prejudice, was himself, by the law of nature, the true heir, and only dispossessed by a passing penal statute long repealed, a general murmur of interest, curiosity, and admiration, ran through the crowded court. The contending parties, the English peeress, the American claimant, were forgotten ; the witness became the chief object of attention, and the whole interest of the cause was transferred to him. When therefore the suit was concluded, and judgment given in favour of her, for whom this witness had come forward, it seemed, by the congratulations of-

ferred to O'Donnell, and the acclamations which followed him from the court, that he had been the victor, and had struggled and conquered for himself. Mc. Rory had, however, materially lent *his* assistance to produce this unexpected effect. He had diligently attended in the court, during the whole of the trial; he had followed his master through all his evidence, the counsel through all their pleadings, with the most evident attention; exhibiting his intense anxiety through the medium of shrugs, gesticulations, *hullaloos*, and *schones*; attracting the attention of all, and exciting the risibility of many within the court. At last he had so heated his confused brain, and disordered his unregulated imagination, that he became persuaded his master was fighting his own cause, and had actually regained all the ancient possessions of his family. As the town was full of peasantry and of mountaineers, by

whom the name of O'Donnel was still revered, Mc. Rory's communications to many of his old friends and neighbours obtained implicit credence; and a crowd of persons, led on by Mc. Rory, followed O'Donnel to Mr. Maunsel's lodgings, crying,

“ Long life to you, Colonel O'Donnel! long may you reign! the O'Donnels for ever! Tirconnel aboo.”

They then quietly dispersed, and O'Donnel severely chided Mc. Rory for his imprudence and folly, informing him as clearly as he could of the true nature of the case.

“ Why, your Honour,” he replied, much grieved at being undeceived, “ if you have'nt got back your own, sure, it's what you ought to do: have'nt you every right in life, Sir, to the finest estate in the county, if you had your due, Sir?”

“ I am weary of refuting this nonsense, Mc. Rory,” answered O'Donnel,

“ which, without believing (for that is impossible), you persist in asserting. Now, Mc. Rory, you are, I dare swear, aware, that the O'Donnells were not, *even anciently*, the original possessors of the land over which they reigned for centuries, which they won by the sword, and which the sword partly won in turn from them.”

“ O, I hear tell that, Sir; and that the *Firbolgs* were, Sir, *th'ouldest* Irish of all, and the great Milesian O'Donnells *bate* the *Firbolgs* fairly out of the place, only the world will never make me believe, Sir, but that *suit* you gained for that fine rich young lady, that I seed at Longlands, ought to be for yourself, and will, plase God, some time or other; for ~~sure~~ if the world went right, which it doesn't, nor never did, in my mind, your Honour ought to have the best part of the Donegal estate, any way; to say nothing of

county Leitrim and the Rosses, Sir, in right of your father and grandfather, Sir; that's harring you'd been born a *feymale*, which you weren't, for then, surely, your property would have gone *by right*, and not *by roguery*, to that thieving *uncle* of your's, axing your Honour's pardon for calling him so, Colonel; or his son, Sir, if he had issue; but he hadn't, nor never will, plase God! in regard of his being dead these twenty years and more. So that there isn't a man breathing to stand between you and it, only the young lady, who has no more right to it, than *Terrence Costello*, bad luck to him."

In this conviction, O'Donnell was for the present obliged to leave Mc. Róry, for he perceived that he had not only heated his imagination by intensely pursuing the same subject for two days together, but that he had taken a more effectual mode to confuse

his head; and when O'Donnell good-humouredly hinted his suspicion, he replied:

“O! I see, your Honour; you think I have been looking at somebody drinking. Why then, Colonel, 'tis yourself knows well it's little I care *for* it, Sir, barring when I'm in great grief or in great joy, as I've every right to be now, in respect of your Honour's great luck this day, though it's *Lent* itself, Sir; nor wouldn't taste a drop if *my church* had forbid me; but it didn't. Long life to the *Council of Trent* any way, that put the fast on the *mate*, and not on the whiskey.”*

Although O'Donnell had been seriously annoyed by the effects of McRory's folly, he was yet touched by the testimony of affection, which had that morning been evinced to the name of his family. He sighed to think that

* A common Irish saying.

under other circumstances, he might have claimed by inheritance, might have won by acts of benevolence, the fealty and affections of a people, who, though sometimes ridiculed as uncouth, or calumniated as barbarous, possess that ardour of disposition, which is the true soil of national goodness. Neither prejudiced by his wrongs, nor misled by his imagination, he felt, that in Ireland (as in all nations), what is won by the sword becomes legitimate property; that time sanctions usurpation; and that possessions long maintained, however gotten, are consecrated by the lapse of ages, and held by the best of all tenures, prescriptive right. He was of opinion, that what was forfeited by a violation of the law, was justly forfeited; but to the loss of inheritance, torn from its ancient possessors as the *forfeit of an opinion*, by the transient tyranny of a temporary penal statute, *which brought down heaven to*

divide the earth, breathing its unholy mandate alike in defiance of the law of God and of man, he felt it difficult to submit without repining. That law, however, was now repealed, and though he was too near the period of its operation, and too deeply involved in its consequences to be thereby reconciled to its dispensation, or insensible to its injustice, he yet gave no utterance to vain and unavailing regret: he respected the peace and better order of *existing things*, and he was well aware that a spirit of *accommodation* and *conciliation in all parties* would prove the surest, safest, and speediest means of union and *prosperity to the whole.*"

CHAPTER X.

MR. MAUNSEL was detained by the business of one of his agencies in the town some days after the assizes were over. O'Donnel, both from a feeling of kindness and from necessity, consented to remain with him; and they both agreed upon passing the interval between that period and their embarkation at the cottage on the shores of Lough Swilly. To the whole of this arrangement O'Donnel was obliged to submit, but to his feelings it was equally irksome and oppressive. His spirits were at the lowest ebb—his mind was almost wholly subdued; a secret suffering preyed upon his heart, whose cause he scarcely acknowledged to himself, for it militated alike against

pride, prudence, and common sense. The sensible pleasantry and playful humour of Mr. Maunsel no longer interested or amused him. Miserable, oppressed, and dejected, he passed his mornings in long and fatiguing rambles, without either object or interest, and returned weary and sad, complaining of an insupportable head-ache, and retiring early, not to rest, though to bed.

The day after that, on which the suit of the Duchess of Belmont had been so happily concluded, Mr. Maunsel sat down to acquaint her Grace with her victory.

“By the bye, Colonel,” he said, “will you not be the recorder of your own successes? Here, take the pen: you shall write an account of your victory to her Grace yourself.”

“My victory!” said O’Donnel, rising from his chair, and throwing aside the book he was reading.

“Yes,” said Mr. Maunsel; “it is

you who have rendered our arms victorious; we have only fought under *your* banner: without your assistance, I can tell you, the foe would most likely have remained master of the field."

"I have observed, Mr. Maunsel," said O'Donnell, with the air of a man who had not been attending to what was said to him—"I have observed that you have not mentioned your niece's name since we have been together."

"Very possibly!" said Mr. Maunsel, carelessly: "I have been too deeply occupied with the suit, to think of the *client*; too much interested in saving the property, to talk of the proprietress. I love and admire her however very sincerely; though in most things she is rather a *cut* above me, and makes me stare a little: yet her *mind* is so *right*, and her *heart* so warm, that——"

“ *Her heart!*” interrupted O'Donnell: “ do you think *she has a heart?*”

“ Nay,” returned Mr. Maunsel, laughing; “ that is no easy question to answer. A young widow's heart is——”

“ I mean,” again interrupted O'Donnell, eagerly, “ has she any sensibility, for I do not want to inquire into the state of her Grace's affections?”

He grew confused, and taking up his book, added,

“ Pray go on; don't let me prevent your writing: you will be late for the post.”

“ No,” said Mr. Maunsel, rising from the writing-table, and seating himself by O'Donnell near the fire. “ I have two hours before me yet, and I do not see why I may not, at this moment, execute a commission from the Duchess to you which I was about to talk over with her in my letter, before I finally concluded it.”

“ To me ! ” said O'Donnell, turning pale.

“ Yes, ” said Mr. Maunsel, taking a paper from his pocket and presenting it to him. “ In case the Irish property bequeathed to her by her late husband was established her's by this suit, I was to present you with this deed ; if we had failed, I should not have had any thing to offer you but her gratitude and her thanks. ”

O'Donnell took the paper with an unsteady hand—opened, and read it. It was a deed of gift, making over to him an estate of one thousand a-year, in the County of Leitrim. The paper fell from his hands, and Mr. Maunsel, either not perceiving, or not chusing to notice his emotion, continued :—

“ Although I cannot always follow my niece's *flights*, yet I confess, in the present instance, I approve the feelings under which she has acted. A sense of justice, gratitude, and, if you will, a

natural disposition to generosity, have formed the ground-work of this act; which some would deem prodigality; but she is aware that the property you have secured to her ought to have been your own; she condemns the means by which it has eventually become her's; and she feels for the fate of a brave and gallant gentleman, who is reduced to live exiled from his own country, because in others only he can find a mode of suitable existence: For the rest, this deed was executed before we left London; but though I heard you talking of going abroad, I did not mention it to you till I was certain I could do so securely. As the Duchess of Belmont will, of course, marry, she also wished to make use of her liberty, while she possesses it, in the disposal of this portion of her property. You know, I suppose, Colonel O'Donnell, that the estate she has assigned to you

is that on which your grandfather had raised a mansion-house, at the time when some of the ancient inheritance of your family was granted back to various of its branches by the *Court of Claims*, appointed to inquire into the forfeitures of the country. The house, though out of repair, is capable of being made a very comfortable residence, and, indeed, a few rooms can be made ready for your reception immediately. When I last went there on manorial business, an old man, bending under the weight of years and infirmity, shewed me a room, where, he said, the present GREAT Colonel O'Donnell was born, and his father before him : so you see you will not return a *stranger* to the home of your fathers."

"Enough, enough," said O'Donnell, rising in great emotion, and taking up the deed. "You say, Mr. Maunsel, you are going to write to the Duchess :

will you have the goodness to inclose a letter from me?"

"Certainly," he replied; "and I will leave you to write it."

He then quitted the room, and O'Donnell wrote as follows.

To the Duchess Dowager of Belmont.

Madam,

It has been my good fortune to have rendered you a service by performing an act of common justice, and it has been your Grace's pleasure to cancel the obligation by proffering me a most disproportioned reward. I have been told, Madam, that your prodigal liberality has been directed to me, not only by what you deem a principle of equity, but by a feeling of compassion; but while I wholly differ from your Grace in my estimate of rights, and cannot feel the slightest shadow of claim upon your justice, you must allow me to add, that, to be

the object of the Duchess of Belmont's compassion, is the last condition to which I could voluntarily submit myself. No, Madam, while you are thus anxious to render me *your* debtor, it is my triumph to consider you as *mine*; for you have only offered to bestow upon me what perhaps you can well spare; I have thrown into your possession all I had on earth to give—my peace of mind and wreck of happiness. Adoring in the proud and sullen secrecy of unrequited devotion, I have long loved nothing better than yourself; save only that honour, which doomed me to silence, and forbade me to hope: oh, surely

“ It were as well to love some bright
Particular star, and think to wed it,”

as to have sought to draw *you* from the elevated sphere in which I saw you moving, with all the cloudless lustre of that virtue, which placed you

there. I will not, however, vaunt a self-denial which would have been super-human, had it rested solely upon the disinterestedness of scrupulous honour. Had I traced in your feelings the slightest reflection of that ardour which consumed mine, I should not, I fear, now stand acquitted in my own esteem. But your Grace's indifference left me no excuse for self-commitment. It was not concealed from me, that there was a prospect of your forming a connexion suited to your rank and elevation; nor that, while you stooped to *relieve* me, you were about to bless another. And yet, Madam,

“ If crooked fortune had not thwarted me,”

I would not have shrunk from entering the lists with those, destined to love you; and (warranted in avowing it) would have trusted to time and assiduity, to cares that win, and vows that

persuade, to the zeal of exclusive devotion, and the perseverance of immutable attachment; with what success, it is now unavailing to calculate. Situated, however, as I am, I would have died the master of my life-wearing secret, rather than reveal myself to you; but that bending beneath the weight of your generosity, I would at least justify to yourself the prodigality of your conduct, by thus convincing you of the true claim, which the object on whom it is lavished has acquired to your notice. Even this wish should not have prevailed, but that I am well aware no result can arise from the avowal; since, before this letter shall convey it to you, the writer will have bidden an eternal farewell to the realms you inhabit.

Yet should he again be led by sentiment, or by adversity, to return to that dear, still dear land, where he trusts you will dispense protection and

relief to those over whom you are placed, it will be, Madam; at some far distant day, when he can have nothing to hope, nor you to fear, from the repetition of his avowal; when time shall have dried up the sources of exhausted sensibility, and palsied the energy which gives genius its spring, and passion its vigour: when even *you*, so lovely and so loved, though never forgotten, shall be but remembered as the brightest vision, among the few, which memory may reflect upon the cheerless evening of sinking existence; and when of all those finer ties which bind man to life, that only remains, first formed on entering it—love of country! For the weary exile's latest, lingering hope, when *all other* hopes are fled, is still, *to die at home at last.*

I am, Madam,

&c. &c.

O'DONNEL.

O'Donnel folded this letter, and inclosing in it the *deed*, put it into Mr. Maunsel's hands, who instantly dispatched it with his own; but appeared, from his subsequent manner and observations, to have no suspicion of its contents, nor its inclosure.

“There is now an end of your passage in the Hamburgh vessel, I trust,” he said: “but I shall not let you off your promised visit to *our* cottage.”

“I do not mean to be off,” said O'Donnel; “for I must at all events go to Derry.”

To avoid all remonstrance and expostulation on the part of Mr. Maunsel, O'Donnel meant to conceal from him his fixed intentions till the last moment; and though Mr. Maunsel more than once endeavoured to bring him back to the point of his niece's liberal donation, yet he contrived, with

some ingenuity, to avoid giving a direct answer.

At the time originally appointed, the two gentlemen set off for the shores of Lough Swilly, in Mr. Maunsel's curricle. Their servants were to follow them the day after, with their dogs.

Mc. Rory had long perceived the alterations of his master's looks and manners; though, notwithstanding many ingenious and indirect efforts, he had not been able to discover the cause, he yet sympathized in the effects; and while he was engaged in packing up O'Donnell's things, in the room with Mr. Maunsel's servant, he uttered so many broken exclamations, and deep sighs, that his companion, who was similarly engaged, at last asked him:

“What ails you, man?”

“What ails me, Tim, is it? Why, every thing in life ails me; and no wonder; to think of our being half-way

to foreign parts three months ago, and now to see us just going back to the *Lough!* as if we never quit the place at all at all; and to think of the master going, for to come, for to get back his own property for another young lady, that's neither kin nor relation to him: and now that he has fairly put down Torney Costello, and *them* American O'Donnells, and shewn himself the greatest man in the *providence*, any how, to think of his going to quit the country again.—To say nothing, *Tim*, of the girl I was telling you about, that's far over seas, and will be further, the cratur, when I am made a foreign *Corplar*, *Tim*—and the master's crassness bates the world, *Tim*; which is what grieves me most of all.—O, not a word passes the threshold of his lips to me, barring he axes for his hat: and sure in the worst of times he was *mighty mild*, and no ways *CRASS*, God bless him!—
And now he is up and dressed at day-

light, before I can get his coat brushed; and every *sighth** he gives, you'd hear, Sir, from this to Cork."

"May be he is in love, Pat?" returned Tim.

"Troth, and I believe you an't much out there, *Tim*, dear; for often I thought that same—the devil a bit of me knows with whom though, barring some great lady in England; but any way, he would'nt have no call to any of them, as he tould me, in regard of Martha, the cratur, without having wherewithal for them; for he's *mighty* proud, *Tim*; and sure a king's daughter would'nt be too good for him—troth she would'nt. Nor did ever you lay your two looking eyes on a finer gentleman, *Tim*? Why, boy, you'd think the whole world was looking after him and Bran, the baste! when they walked out together in London streets: myself used to look

* *Sighth*—*Sigh*.

after them out of the window, till they turned the corner, God bless them. It's seldom the likes of them was seen in that city any how; and for all that, to think of the master being so *cruel unaisy*, and nobody knowing for why."

Here O'Donnell's voice calling to Mc. Rory in a sharp tone put an end to his digressions; and running down the stairs with a small portmanteau on his shoulder, he cried:

"Sure I'm coming, Colonel: I am here, close forment you, Sir, and the things."

Mr. Maunsel had some business to transact with a gentleman who resided at the little post-town in the neighbourhood of O'Donnell's cottage, which, on arrival, he found would prevent their eating *their chicken* at the cottage as they had intended, the servants there being prepared for their reception; he proposed, therefore, dining with the friend whose business

detained him. To this arrangement, O'Donnel, as far as he was concerned, objected; he pleaded his eternal headache, low spirits, and utter disinclination to go into the society of strangers, who would call upon his attention, without affording him either distraction or amusement.

Mr. Maunsel, who seemed to enter fully into the peculiarities of his character, on which he sometimes rallied him, did not press him to remain; but requested him to take on the curricule, and send it back for *him*. This proposal O'Donnel positively refused. The day had been intensely cold; he had been cramped up in a carriage for many hours; and as the distance was but a few miles, and the road across the mountains but too well known to him, he preferred walking. The distraction, which bodily exercise produces, and that restless desire of motion, which results from the sympathy

between the moral and physical faculties, in the crisis of mental agitation, rendered the mere act of walking almost an enjoyment to one, whose mind was goaded by conflicting passions, and harassed by feelings the most tumultuous and unsettled. Not a ray of day-light lingered on the mountains when O'Donnell left the town, and pursued his lonely way through paths dreary as his own thoughts. All was wild and gloomy; and as he advanced towards the rude and desolate shore, the sea blast, gushing with a shrieking noise through the interstices of the rocks, and the hoarse murmurs of the distant breakers, added sounds of corresponding wildness to the savage bleakness of the scenery. As he passed through the rocky defile, which led immediately to the humble residence of his youth, the memory of former times rose vividly upon his mind. He recalled in a rapid review the several

periods at which he had formerly passed this little ravine, when each time, as he thought, he was never to behold it more. In boyhood, when warm and aspiring, unworn in spirit, and fresh in feeling, he forgot the dark destiny, which urged on his wandering steps; and saw only the beacon light of hope, which guided him to glory and renown. Again, when his fortunes having fallen with those of an empire, after a short interval of repose, he had left the temporary asylum of its solitudes, to draw, for the *first time*, his sword under the consecrated shadow of his country's banner. In a still more mature period of life, he sought, for a third time, among these rocks a shelter from poverty and despair; but rising again superior to the wreck of all his hopes, he had again gone forth to earn subsistence by his sword. Not glory, not renown, were then his objects; for such dreams

were over. In heartless despondency he had last left this commemorated spot ; in heartless despondency he now unexpectedly returned to it ; with one woe, added to those he had borne away with him, in the existing moment of heart-felt anguish sharper than all the rest. The feeling which woman could awake in his breast, was not the sickly sentiment of romantic fantasy, nor the vapouring extravagance of fierce but short-lived emotion : it was passion, genuine, unmixed passion ; partaking alike of all the imperfections and all the perfections of his nature ; to which he would have sacrificed every thing but the well-being of its object, and that honour, dearer still than love itself.

As he approached the cottage, and looked upon its dark outline, as it lay half concealed in shadow, he remembered the affectionate smile, which so often lingered on the lip of age, to wel-

come home the truant boy ; to hail the long-expected return of the matured man. He was now about to be received by a servant, and that servant not his own. The place itself too, endeared by many recollections, had passed into other hands ; yet, led by the mechanism of habit, he walked directly to the small door, which held immediate communication with the little parlour, as he had formerly done, when no ceremony attended his admittance. The door, however, was not fastened, and when he opened it, he found the room lighted with a brilliancy, partly derived from its contrast with the darkness of *all* without ; yet, O'Donnell saw, or thought he saw, through the rays which dazzled his sight, a woman, seated at a table, engaged in the earnest perusal of a letter ; her back was towards him—he paused, amazed by an appearance so unexpect-

ed. The lady turned round her head; with a faint exclamation; and, rising from her seat, stood before him, pale and agitated, yet smiling. O'Donnell advanced a few steps, started back in breathless wonder, believing the vision, which blessed his sight, was but the phantom of his own over-wrought imagination; but the smile which beamed on his gaze was no visionary smile; its image was traced on his brain, and was never to be forgotten. With a deep inspiration, as if he endeavoured to throw off, by a single effort, the load of sensation which oppressed him, he fell at the feet of—the Duchess of Belmont.

There are emotions, which sometimes occur through the languid sameness of life, which no eloquence could depict, which good taste would shrink from attempting, and which, however strongly conceived by the mind, or

pourtrayed by the fancy, become feeble and faded through the coldness of detail.

An hour had elapsed, and within its fleeting space, the history of feelings had been detailed sufficient to have occupied a life. Affections long resisted, emotions long combated, found a ready utterance, and the intoxication of unexpected happiness chased even the memory of the despair, to which it had so suddenly succeeded.

O'Donnel was still at the feet of his benefactress, his friend, his mistress, when the tender and passionate woman again resumed the spirited vivacity of the humourous Duchess; and, touching a bell which lay on the table, she exclaimed: "And now to summon the agents who have

' done my spiriting gently.'

As she spoke, Mr. and Mrs. Maunsel obeyed the signal, to O'Donnel's

amazement and annoyance, and he hastily endeavoured to rise, but the Duchess, affecting playfully to detain him in his suppliant attitude, exclaimed: "Aye, come in, good people: it is you who must attest to an invidious world that I was not altogether worn unsought. There he is you see, after all—

' There lies honour !'

And here," taking up O'Donnell's letter, " here is honour's last dying speech and declaration, signed, sealed, and delivered; by which, I trust I should stand acquitted of *lez-pruderie* in any high court of discretion in Christendom; and oh!" she added, in a tone of more feeling than gaiety; " how long did I silently lie in wait for this little testimony, which was to sanction a well-founded preference, and to confirm the hope, that such a preference was not unreciprocated?"



But for this, the prejudices of honour, of pride, and decorum, would have carried the victory, and happiness would have been sacrificed on their altar; while the supposed heedless, heartless, Duchess of Belmont, would have gone on, to all appearances, just the same, laughing at the weaknesses of others, the better to conceal her own: her mind, like the dark mine, which gives its lustre to the world, but remains itself wrapt in cold and cheerless gloom; and her spirit, ever at odds with her feelings, yet disdaining by a single effort to

‘ Race out rotten opinion, that had written her down after her seeming.’

“ I am so little used to happiness,” said O’Donnell, throwing himself into a chair, and covering his eyes with his hands: “ so little, that even *now*, I distrust the evidence of my senses.”

“ I thought,” said Mr. Maunsel,

“ we should have surprised you this evening ; but you little suspect that I have been a sort of acting manager in getting up the whole piece from the beginning, particularly the last incident : scene, a cottage—time, evening : for though my niece chose me for her *Norah*, in *white dymity*, some time back, and threw her secret into my keeping, yet her courage forsook her as we approached the denouement. She talked of my having committed her, and all sorts of *delicate* distresses, and threatened to throw up the part, if I violated the confidence and delicacy of my heroine.”

“ You have, at least,” said the Duchess, laughing, “ violated the unities, and hurried on the catastrophe, without any regard to the laws of the drama.”

“ Because,” returned Mr. Maunsel, “ wind and tide will not wait on dramatic laws, nor a *Hamburgh* merchant-

man stop a single day for the better carrying on of the plot."

"Then we will end the play for this evening," returned the Duchess, "as Moliere does one of his—by calling for supper:

*' La comedie ne puit mieux finir, et
Nous ferons bien de demeurer la.'*

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY in the month of April, the following article made its appearance in many of the English and Irish papers.

“ Married, by special licence, at the seat of James Maunsel, Esq. county of Donegal, Roderick O'Donnell, Esq. formerly a Colonel in the French guards, Lieutenant-Colonel of cuirassiers in the Imperial service, and late a Major in the * * * regiment of Irish brigades, to Charlotte, Duchess Dowager of Belmont. Immediately after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom set off for Tirconnel House, in Leitrim, the former residence of *that branch* of the ancient Irish family, of which Colonel O'Donnell is the representative.

It is a circumstance worth noting for its singularity, that Colonel O'Donnel, by his union with the relict of the late Duke of Belmont, has become re-instated in some part of the vast possessions of his ancestors, forfeited at various periods by the vicissitudes of property incidental to the former unhappy state of Ireland. Within a few miles of the Mansion-House, the horses were taken from the carriage, which conveyed Colonel O'Donnel and his noble bride; and surrounded by a tenantry, whose forefathers had fought under the banner of his illustrious ancestors, the brave descendant of the Chiefs of Tirconnel returned to the domains of his inheritance."

The domains surrounding Tirconnel House were not, it is true, those anciently possessed by the ancestors of O'Donnel; they were only granted by the Court of Claims a century back, as

a small remuneration for the territories, of which they had been deprived in Ulster. But the clans or followers of all the ancient Irish families partook of the fortunes of their chiefs, and transplanted themselves from province to province, as impelled by want, or driven by the sword.

It was not, therefore, without emotion, that O'Donnell beheld the descendants of those who had shared the fate and fortunes of his forefathers; that he beheld the hall, where the harp of *Carolán* had so often reverberated. Nor was it without emotion that he hung once more the sword of O'Donnell the Red, which he had re-purchased, over the mantle-piece of the domestic hearth; while his faithful Irish wolf dog lay at his feet, and his affectionate Irish follower stood proudly by, the happy witness of his prosperity.

Yet still, over these joyous emo-

tions, some feeling of melancholy would at times throw its shadow.

He was willing to owe his best felicity to the hand of love; but he would have wished to have obtained the re-possession of his rights by means more consonant to the spirit of the gentleman, the dignity of the man, and the general interests of his country.

Whatever were the feelings of O'Donnell, those of Mc. Rory at least were feelings of unqualified delight. In the first transition of his master's fortunes, he lived in a sort of delirium. His brain was *confusion worse confounded*, and his own identity lost in that of the God of his idolatry; he neither thought nor cared how far he was to benefit by the prosperity, which he witnessed with such lively transport.

Conscience, and a letter from *Martha*, first awakened him to a sense of

his own individual existence; for Mc. Rory, like most of his countrymen, was rather *ardent* than *constant* in his loves; and his susceptible feelings were now recalled to their duty, more through the medium of his easily awakened pity, than his principles of fidelity.

One morning, as O'Donnell was going through the grounds, a short time after his marriage, followed by his steward and Bran, he perceived Mc. Rory sitting under a tree *moaning* over a letter:

“ You seem to have received some bad news, Mc. Rory,” said O'Donnell as he passed him by.

Mc. Rory started on his legs, thrust the letter into his pocket, and following his master, said:

“ Is it me, Sir?—Oh, no, Colonel, I have not—no news at all, Sir, to signify, only *ould news* ;” and he sighed deeply: and when the steward had concluded some observations he

had been making, on some land he was about to reclaim, Mc. Rory continued.

“ Well, Colonel, if I had tould your Honour this day six months, that the time was no wise distant, but mighty near, when myself and Bran, and Mr. *Muckleroy*, the baste! (that’s Bran, Sir, I *mane*) would have been following your Honour through your lands, where it’s often your father and grandfather left the *tract* of their feet (God rest them) sure, Sir, I’ll be bound you’d have called me a *natural*, troth you would, and no blame to you, Sir; for surely, though I knew there was luck, and great luck, before you, Colonel; the *likes* of this same I never *draymed* of any how. Well, well, it bates the world fairly, to think of marrying an elegant fine young lady, and mighty pleasant, Sir, troth she is; and no ways high, though a great Duchess, long life to her, and getting back to your

own real property, that's the *Leitrim* estate; and to see the people doating on the very ground you walk, for the sake of the family;—and the coach, and th' *arms*, and fine ould ancient *red* liveries, and the silver *buttons*, and the *crust* on them; and my own elegant new *shuit* of blue.—O, murder! I only just wish they *were after* seeing me go to mass next Sunday, Sir, in England; or if they saw me, sure, Sir, in our *own* steward's room, king of the place, as I may say, and I believe *it is not in it*, I'd get the *turn-out*, any how: and God be with her, that gave me my bit and my *sup* in the *still-room*, the cratur! never a *táy-cup* I'll see washed to the day of my death, but I'll think of her if I never see her again, the little sowl! that's *Martha*, Colonel. And sure the Lady's maid, Sir, Mrs. Martin, who knows all the *ladies* and *gentlemen* at Longlands, had a letter from Mr. Willis, Sir, and another inside it, but

not to Mrs. Martin; and she tells me, Sir, that the mistress, that's the Duchess, is going to send over to London, for one Lawrence Cologan, an Irish boy, and his wife, and *childer*, and to make them a lodge-keeper at the gate in the new avenue, near *Pat Mullen's* meadow. 'And troth, then,' says I, 'Mistress Martin, while your Lady's hand's in for doing a *good turn*,' and it's herself that has the notes for it, God bless her; and sign is on her, Colonel; for she has the prayers of the poor, high and low, since she came home to the place, short a time as it is, in regard of ordering them *spinning-wheels*, Sir, and the *male*, and the flax, Sir, and the power of good she has done already. And I was saying to Mrs. Martin, that as Lawrence Cologan was coming over, and that as he would'nt answer for a *housemaid*, that's his wife, Sir——"

"That Martha would, Mc. Rory," observed his master, smiling, and guess-

ing at last at what his *indirect* harangue had pointed at. "Well, do you and Mrs. Martin consult on the best mode of getting Martha to Ireland, and I will supply you with the means; and then you shall choose a farm for yourself, and live an independent, though still, I hope, an industrious man." ...

Mc. Rory continued to follow his master's steps in silence for some moments; then, with great difficulty of articulation, he said,

"I hope I have done nothing to offend your Honour, Sir. Sure, Sir, if I am not *fit* to be a *walley** to you any longer, I might stay in the place, any way, to brush your *coats*, Colonel, and look after your things; for as to a farm, many thanks to your Honour, Sir, for that same, I don't regard it a straw, in comparisment of being under one.

* Valet.

roof with you, Colonel, and seeing your face, Sir, when I stand behind you at dinner; and your Honour's allowing me to make so bold as to talk to you, Sir, betimes."

"Well, well, Mc. Rory," said O'Donnell, "you shall *do* and *be* what you please: provided *you* are happy, I am satisfied. It is among my first wishes to reward your fidelity and affection; but you are certainly yourself the best judge of the means, and shall therefore dictate them."

"I *shall*, Sir?—Why, then, your Honour, I am intirely *obligated* to you, and bound to pray for and serve you, Sir, which I do day and night, God bless you: and Martha and I would rather be *your own man*, Sir, and undertake the capacity of a housemaid, which she is fully equal to; that's as she tells me herself, Sir; this day I had a letter under her own hand, written

by the under butler, Mr. Kelso; and many a prayer she put up for you and your's, and well she might! And so I'll just step in, Sir, and talk about it to Mrs. Martin. Long life to you." And Mc. Rory was out of sight in a minute.

The intelligence of the Duchess of Belmont's marriage with Colonel O'Donnel, had no sooner appeared in the English papers, than, among several other letters of congratulation, it produced her Grace the two following.

To the Duchess Dowager of Belmont.

Ma chere Lalette,

Your Marriage with our Irish chief has not the least surprised me. I foresaw it all from the beginning. It is at least for him *un tres bon parti*, and I hope you may not be disappointed. I would advise you both to settle in Ire-

land for many reasons, and take a house in Dublin: *a title you know* goes a great way there, and a Duchess might carry every thing before her: now here, you know, that sort of thing goes just for nothing at all, if not borne out by fortune, and fashion, and bon-ton, and so forth. Your sudden flight from town in the height of the season, and soon after Lord Charles's accident, made une grande sensation: observe, *mabelle*, you ought to have remained in town till he was declared out of all possible danger, merely for *la bienséance*. Apropos, to *bienséance*, I must remark (*par parenthese*) that you geniuses neglect it too often, and that your conduct with respect to Lord S. now *Marquis* of B. was extremely imprudent, though, as it appears, innocent enough essentially; and the *Morning Post*, I must say, was very favourable to you, to give the thing the turn it did; but had not the

old father died most apropos, and the clandestine wife come forward, just in the nick of time, Lord S—'s attention and your secret flight, my dear, might have given a very ugly air to the whole thing. Indeed, I cannot yet myself make out the story very clearly, and request you will let me know if the following statement is correct— that an Italian lady of good birth, who used to *briller* in the Duke of Belmont's societies at Florence, captivated Lord S. when he was in Italy, that she refused his *carte-blanche*, and he returned to England; that, unable to conquer his passion, and despairing of the old Marquis's consent to his marrying a foreigner without a shilling, he went to Vienna, where the lady had got a place about the Empress, and married her clandestinely; that on the news of his father's illness, he came over to England; and that you, at his entreaties, accepted the *mysterious*

wife into your house, in gratitude to her, for her kindness to you when you were a poor destitute girl at Florence, and partly out of friendship to *Lord S.* who lived so much at Belmont House, during the short time you were mistress of it. Now, all this may be *true* as holy writ, but all we can say is, that "*le vrai n'est pas toujours le vrai semblable.*" Be that as it may, as soon as I saw the thing announced in the papers, I left my card at the door of the new Marchioness, and I am told that *Lord S.* I mean *Lord B.* now, has just made the *finale* that all these *roués* and old bachelors par profession are sure to do—married imprudently, and fallen in love with his own wife, who, after all, for what we know, may be his old mistress, and that is more probable still. I saw *Lady Llanberis* last night at the *Opera*, looking in high beauty, and her box, as usual, crowded with men. *Lord Charles*

is *all but* quite recovered, and if the town is to be believed, they are to be married immediately. I should imagine it would *bore* them both amazingly, but I don't see how they can well be off. Lord Boston lives behind the scenes at Drury-Lane, and it is supposed he will elevate one of the "*Ma-
roines des Couliasses*" to the dignity of the peerage—not a chance of the *Grand-
villes* returning; and I hear there is not a trace left of Lady Florence's beauty. The *twins*, however, are flourishing—how *exceed* she must be by these little *masters*, Castor and Pollux. Have you seen Lady Mary Savill's new novel? if not, get it by all means. Its title is "*Despair and Rapture, or Contrasted Passions*, by a lady of rank, interspersed with poems, by a friend." The friend, of course, is Mr. Ovid Mussen, her *Monsieur Trissotin*, her "*hero d'esprit*," and the poems are quite as *fade* as

the author. She has dedicated the work to her husband. The dedication is much admired, and begins so,

“ To him,” &c. &c. &c.

I forget the rest ; some people, however, quiz amazingly, as it is pretty generally known that they don't live very well together, and that the poor dear General never read a book in his life, except an almanack or an orderly ; however, it is the fashion to dedicate to one's husband or one's wife ! or some near connexion ; for *sentiment*, you know, runs amazingly high just now. After all the trouble I have taken in fitting up the house in Portman-square, and in making out a good society for Charles Gtrentworth, he is, I fear, falling fast into his poor dear father's habits, and will in the end sell his Town-house, and live wholly in that tiresome Derbyshire. He is there at present,

and we are to follow him in a few days ; I say we, for of course you have seen my marriage with Mr. Dexter in the papers before now, and most likely our congratulations may pass each other in crossing the channel. I know it is an arrangement that will "*faire hausser les Epaulés a quelques unes,*" but I think I may, at this period of time, be allowed to judge for myself ; and without discussing how far my own feelings have gone in the business, I must say, it was the only effectual means to forward the interests, and call forth the talents of a very clever, sensible young man ; for though he has been extremely taken up in England, indeed, by persons of the first consideration ; yet still he wanted *connexion* to push him up the stick ; and my brother, for his own sake, must now make an effort for one, too nearly allied to him, not to interest his pride, as I am sure he soon will his esteem : besides, he is the greatest

possible favourite with my step-son, to whom he has made himself extremely useful, from his intimate knowledge of all sorts of field-sports. They go together to fish in May, in South Wales. I should not in the least be surprised if Charles returned from the Borough of Ballynogue, which, *entre-nous*, is rather an object with Mr. Dexter. And now, my dear Lolotte, having come to my fourth sheet of note paper, I think you will not complain of the shortness of my epistle: but I assure you, I take a great interest in you, and think you have done very wisely to retire from the scene in time; for when the first flush of passion passes over, with respect to you *parvenues* ladies, you are left pretty much to yourselves. I envy you the quantity of things you must have to do on a neglected Irish estate.

Adieu, *m'amie*.

P. S. I have not mentioned to you your *ci-devant* pupils, for they have conducted themselves in such a manner on my marriage with Mr. Dexter, owing to the *sol orgueil* of their two stupid husbands, that it is impossible I can ever see them again. Horatia's husband is, out and out, the greatest fool I ever knew, notwithstanding his *maiden speech*, which I am sure was made by his tutor; and Mr. Vandaleur is just what he always *was*; I cannot say worse. However, they are both well *matched*, for a couple of more *heartless*, brainless, young ladies, it would not be easy to find, than their wives; so that, take them altogether, one cannot well imagine a more *lourde assemblage*. Thus then, my dear *Lo-lotte*, deserted by my *own* children, who can blame me for attaching to me for life, by indissoluble ties, a devoted and disinterested friend like Mr. Dexter,

who must, one day or other, justify my choice by the figure he will make in the world?

Encore a vous,

C. SINGLETON.

London.

I suppose you have heard that Miss Carlisle has at last caught poor Sir Gilbert Curson—an immense match in point of circumstances; but he is, you know, *un franc nigaud*. However, *she* is old enough to be his mother—so, *ils sont quittes tous deux*.

To the Duchess of Beaufort.

My dear Duchess,

You have no idea how extremely amused and delighted I was by the account of your marriage with Colonel O'Donnell. I assure you I think it is by much the finest thing I have heard of for an age; there is something so extremely out of the way in both

your histories and adventures, and both are so clever and so odd:—and then your restoring to him all his vast possessions, and his chieftainry. Good Heavens! what a happy woman you must be! I have no idea of any thing finer than being the wife of a chief.—Even the wife of a captain of banditti is an interesting situation—but to go on for ever in the same round, in the same eternal quietude, security, and abundance; to have nothing to expect, or desire, or wish for!—If you had married Colonel O'Donnell in London, and gone on in the *general way*, I should not have been in the least interested; nor indeed was I, when I suspected you of such designs at Longlands; but your following him to Ireland—the Duke of Belmont having left you the property that once had been his—in short, it is all a romance, and I wish Mrs. St. Leger would take it up.

How delighted you must be with your old castle, mouldering round you; and your Giant's Causeways; and lakes; and mountains—to be sure, there are mountains enough about my place in Wales; but then one really cannot go on for ever looking at *Welsh mountains*, and I am sick of the very sound.

I have an idea that Ireland is by much the *wildest* and most interesting country of the world. I thought so of Switzerland till I saw it. But I have a presentiment that your *emerald isle* (good heavens! what a sweet idea) and the harp being *strung* and *unstrung*, and all that kind of thing; but the fact is, if ever I am my own mistress, I will go over, and pass a winter with you in your castle—but I fear I never shall. I suppose you have heard of my intended marriage with Lord Charles Savill. You know the way the world thinks and feels; and makes arrangements for one; and then you know one is com-

mitted without knowing the least in the world how, or why, or wherefore; but there one is *plantée*. It is really altogether *too tiresome*. Lord Charles is certainly a most excellent person, and a man of the very highest fashion and supreme ton. But there is nothing particularly singular or out of the way *in that*. A woman of fashion marrying a man of fashion happens to be a pretty worn-out story enough. I must confess that I believe the truest happiness is to be found in the most unequal matches; not but I do remember when Lord Charles, in the life-time of poor dear Lady Charles—— but it is past, and there's an end of it. Apropos, to unequal matches. What think you of our dear Lord S—'s? What a man that is to be sure! I am dying to know *La bella Italiana*. I dare say she is a most delightful person. But in your life, did you ever know or hear of such a thorough *ridiculous*

as Lady Singleton's arrangement. I wish her expecting that, because she brought in a man on a fiddle-string, and alluded afterwards to marry him, one is to take him up?... I like that!... and for no other reason on earth, that I can see, except that he plays shuttlecock well, as I told her, when she wanted me to have him among my exclusives. "In the country, at Christmas, I said, it is all very well; but as one cannot play shuttlecock over a supper-table after the opera, I must beg leave to decline." This was rather treating her *de haut en bas*; but it is her interest to keep well with me, so she took all in good part. But *entre nous*, she has lost herself amazingly, as these clever bustling women generally do in the end I think, and must be content to be just nothing at all for the rest of her life. Adieu etc... I am going to drive Lady Loton to the Park... by the bye, she is by much the most delightful person I

know. The old man has failed in getting a *divorce*, and has taken her back ; so you know one goes on with her *pretty much* the same as before. There is a little *shyness* among a particular set ; but we'll get over that. Every thing considered, she is more to be *pitied* than blamed. Poor soul ! her situation is singularly interesting. Pray make my best recollections to Colonel O'Donnell. I shall expect you will both join some of my festivities at Longlands. Apropos—I have got the most delicious plan from Lady Loton for turning the theatre into a rustic dairy. It is to be lined with Dutch tiles. I shall live in it until it is finished.

Adio,....

ADELAIDE LLANBERIS.

P. S. Some very odd things have come out this season. A *Greek* gentleman, and by much the most *sagacious*

tortoise that ever was heard of. He does all sorts of things. I am to have them *both* on Thursday next. What has become of the Irishman, Colonel O'Donnel's servant? How very amusing he was!

The Duchess of Belmont had just finished this letter, when Mc. Rory came into the drawing-room, with a message to her Grace from his master.

"Mc. Rory," said the Duchess, "here is a very great lady making inquiries after you."

"There is, Madam! Why then I am intirely obliged to her, my Lady; and I hope she is well. Might I make bold, your Grace, just to ax who she is, Madam?"

"Lady Llanberis, who took so much notice of you at Longlands."

"It is, Madam? Why then a great lady to be sure she is, though little notice she took of me, my Lady, from

that blessed day to this. But I'll engage, your Grace, she is heartily glad to hear of our great good luck, for surely the greatest of luck it is—to think of our not being obligated to go to Garmany, Madam, nor to quit the place—and the Colonel getting all his own again, that's the Leitrim Estates, my Lady—and the high honour of marrying a great lady, and an elegant fine lady—and being as happy as the day is long—and mighty hearty, not *all as one* as we used to be. And sure, my Lady, what *greater* could he *be*, long life to him, except being a *parliament man*?—and he'll be that surely yet in good time I'll engage—what would ail him, but *be in it*? Has'nt he every right to love the country well, being born on the *soil*, and all belonging to him from the beginning of time, and knowing it well, Madam? And has'nt he fine learning? Shew me a gentleman has more in the barony round, or in

the whole country, or the province, or the kingdom itself. And in regard of bravery, does there breathe a *braver* on the floor of God's creation, or one that served his king or country better, my Lady—that's when he got *lamb*; and would again, please God, if he was wanting—why would'nt he? And has'nt he now a real and undoubted fine estate, and an illigant fine *tinantry*, long life to them, that doats on the very *sod* he treads on? And shew me a gentleman pays his ministers money with more heart, and helps the *clergy* besides, Madam, and the taxes, Madam—and sure, if he would'nt put in a good word for us, who would, your Grace—and it's himself that would; and troth, he'd bother them all fairly; for he has that way with him, my Lady, when he *spakes* from the *heart out*, that he would coax the very birds of the *trees*, so he would, for he is an illigant fine speaker, any way, and has beau-

tiful English ! And so, my Lady, if it was *God's will*, there is no *rayton* in life why he should'nt be a great parliament man, Madam."

"None—at least, that you and I can see, Mc. Rory," returned the Duchess, smiling.

"It's true for you, my Lady," returned Mc. Rory, bowing himself out—"In troth it is."

NOTES.

Page 151.—Among the royal letters here alluded to, I am enabled to present the reader with the following from King James. The original is on the Irish Rolls, and for the copy I stand obliged to the kindness of Sir W. Beatham Ulster, King at Arms.

BY THE KING.

JAMES REX.

RIGHT trusty and well beloved, we greet you well: we have been credibly informed that Rorie O'Donnel, brother to the arch traitor O'Donnel, lately deceased in Spain, made his humble submission in Ireland to our Lieutenant of that kingdom, and in token of the detestation of his former disloyalties, and firm resolution to continue dutiful and loyal courses hereafter, hath done to us and our Crowne, since our Lieutenant received him unto our mercy, many good and acceptable services; and now lately, for true declaration of his loyal heart, the said

Rorie hath dutifully presented himself before our Royal Person, humbly beseeching our princely favor that we would vouchsafe to grant unto him and his heirs our territories and counties of Tyrconnell, in Ulster, the which his late brother (though unworthy), and his father and ancestors, had, for many years past, and have ever in all former rebellion of the O'Neill's, lived as loyal subjects to our Crowne, till his unhappy* brother first stained the reputation of their unspotted name, upon this and many the like suits. We have resolved to manifest to all our subjects of that our realm, that out of our princely disposition, we desire their dutiful loyalty and obedient hearts, than in any degree increase of revenue or profit by their defection, where there appeared evident signs and undoubted expectation of sound loyalty hereafter; and therefore our pleasure is, and do, will, and require you, that you cause our letters-patent, under the great seal of that our realm, to be made and passed in due form of

* The unhappy brother, here alluded to, was *O'Donnal the Red*, kidnapped in his fifteenth year, and persecuted into efforts of self-preservation. The king bears ample testimony to fidelity of the O'Donnels until the time of *O'Donnal the Red*, who was "bruised into undutifulness."

law, containing our effectual grant to the said Rorie O'Donnel, and the heirs male of his body, with remainders of like estate successively to Cafferey O'Donnel, brother to the said Rorie, and to his cousin, Donuel Oge Mac Donnel O'Donnel, of all our territories and countries of Tirezconnell, with all the islands, rights, deaneries, advowsons, fishings, duties, and other hereditaments whatsoever, of ancient time justly belonging to the lord thereof (excepting to us, our heirs, and successors, all abbeys, priories, and other spiritual living) reserving also to us, our heirs, and successors, such and the same rent, and beeves, services, rising out, and duties, as the father of Rorie, or any of his ancestors, lords, or possessors of the country, yielded, or ought to have yielded, to our late dear sister the Queen, by tenor of any letters-patent, or composition with any of his ancestors in the late Queen's time, and recorded in the council book, or in any of our courts at Dublin; inserting in the said letters-patent, such further reservations, exceptions, and covenants, for the benefit of our service as you shall find requisite, and included in any former letters, patent or composition, with the lords or chieftains of O'Donnel's country; in which our grant, we require you to reserve to us and our heirs, the castle, town, and lands of Ballyshannon, and

one thousand acres of land thereunto, next about the castle adjoining, with the fishings there, and reserving to us, during our pleasure, liberty to erect forts, which we, or our heirs, shall think expedient for the service of the country, with provisional condition that the castles, lands, services, rents, and duties, which were in the possession of Sir Neal O'Donnel when he lived under Hugh Roe, late O'Donnel, and in amity with him, especially Castle-fynen, and all the lands and hereditaments belonging to the same, may be reserved to the free disposition of us and our heirs, to bestow upon Sir Neal O'Donnel, or such other as may deserve the same, and their heirs; and our pleasure is, that Rorie O'Donnel do renounce and relinquish all claims, rights, and duties, which he may challenge upon Sir Cahir O'Dogherty's country, O'Connor Sligoe's country. and upon any other subject residing out of the limits of Tyrconnel; and because Rorie O'Donnel shall, by this our gracious favor, receive, as of our bounty und gift, so large a territory as Tiresonnel for his inheritance, which may enable him, as our subject in the highest degree of honour, we have thought meet to grace and countenance him with the stile and name of Earl of Tyrconnel, requiring you to grant unto him by letters-patent, the name, stile, and honour, of

Earl of Tyrconnell, to have, and to hold the same to himself and the heirs males of his body, with remainder of like estate to the said Caffery O'Donnell, brother to the said Rorie; and that the eldest sons and heirs, males apparent, of the said Rorie and Caffery's bodies, be created lords barons of Donegall, during the lives of the earls; and our further pleasure is, that the said Rorie shall have a custodiam of all the abbeyes, priories, and other spiritual livings, within the said country of Tyrconnel, till we shall be otherwise minded to dispose them, which our princely intention, our pleasure is, shall be effectually accomplished to the said Rorie, for his encouragement to continue in his dutiful loyalty; and these our letters, notwithstanding any insufficiency of words, or omission, necessary to have been inserted herein for the explanation of our princely favour, shall be as well to you, our lieutenant or deputy, now being, or either of you, and to any other deputy, or head governor or governors of that our realm, for the time being, and to the chancellor or keeper of our Great Seal of that realm, likewise for the time being, or to any other officers whom it may appertain, sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our signet at Tottenham, the fourth day of September, 1602, in the first year of our reign of England, France,

and Ireland: and of Scotland the seven-and-thirtieth. To our right, trusty, well-beloved Cousin and counsellor, the Earl of Devonshire, our Lieutenant of Ireland, and in his absence, to our right, trusty, and well-beloved Sir George Carie, Knight, our deputy there, and to our chanceller of that our kingdom, now being, and to any other deputy governor or governors, chanceller, or keeper of the Great Seal of our said realm, that hereafter for the time shall be, and to all others our officers and ministers there to whom it may appertain.

Mc. Swine's gun, p. 202.—Among the rocks near Sheep-Haven Bay, on the coast of Donegal, is to be seen, or rather heard, the awful and curious phenomenon of Mc. Swine's gun.

By dilapidation, or decomposition of part of the rock, time, and the washing of the waves, have perforated a cave many yards in diameter, which extends about twenty yards into a rock, making part of the mainland, and horizontal with the level of the sea at high and low water-marks, or nearly so. This cavity then ascends, and appears, by an aperture at the surface of the rock, not much wider than a large kitchen chimney:

: When the wind blows due north, and the

side is half in, this gun of Mc. Swine's is seen to spout shots of sea-water, far higher than the eye can reach, into the air, with terrific explosion, to be heard, it is said, from twenty to thirty miles. From its alarming effect on the ears, I should suppose fifty.

Statistical Survey of Denmark

THE END:



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